



John Carter Brown.



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Lloyd

30/-

David Lloyd

First printed 1636—in 4to  
1648 .. 4to  
1656 .. 12mo  
x 1659 .. 12mo  
x 1671 .. 4to  
1524  
x 1766 — " 8vo.

In J.C.B's collection. See Note  
to 1766. No. 1524. Bib. Am. pt 3.

THE *M. H. M. 1793*  
L E G E N D  
O F  
Captain JONES.

RELATING

His adventure to Sea : His first landing, and  
strange Combat with a mighty Bear.

His furious Battel with his six and thirty men,  
against the Army of eleven Kings, with their  
overthrow and deaths.

His relieving of *Kemper Castle*.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with six  
huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand  
Souldiers.

His taking Prisoner, and hard Usage.

Lastly, His setting at Liberty by the Kings com-  
mand, and return for *England*.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold  
at his shop, at the *Prince's Armes* in  
*St. Paul's Church-yard*. 1659.

E F G H I  
 J K L M N  
 O P Q R S  
 T U V W X  
 Y Z

RPJCB

Printed for H. W. & C. O. D. N. at the Press of the Proprietor, 1870.

JOHN CARTER BROWN

1828  
The following is a list of the  
books which have been  
purchased for the  
Library of the  
Massachusetts  
Institute of  
Technology  
since the  
last  
report  
of the  
Library  
Committee  
to the  
Board of  
Trustees  
of the  
Institute  
in  
1827.

\*\*\*\*\*

**F**Ames windy trump blew up this haughty minde  
To doe or wish, to doe what here you finde :  
'Twas nere held error yet in errant Knights  
(Which priviledge he claimes) to dresse their fight.  
In high hyperbolies : for youths example  
To make their minds as they grow men, grow ample.  
Thus such atchievements are assaid and done  
As passe the common power and sence of man.  
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,  
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

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Ἰώνης Ἐρυθερινόμενου.

**Ν**ικήσας πάμπολλα πολυθύλλητο Ἰώνης  
 Ἔθνη, κεκμηκὼς εἰς κυλὸν ὥς μάχαιραν,  
 καὶ δόμον εἰς Αἶδαο ἔβη μετ' ἰκέρσιμον ἡμᾶς  
 Ὅφιν ἐρυθίων, ἐν φοινίσσοντο παρῆαι  
 Ἐκπάγλως, ἀκρὰ ῥινὸς δ' ἐρυθερίνῳ σήλη:  
 Οἱ δ' ὑποχθόνιοι πάντες δάμβησαν ἰδόντες  
 Τὴν ἐν ῥινὶ χεῖραν, τὴν ἐν φλογόεντι περσώπῳ:  
 Καὶ πόθεν ἢ τι παθὼν ταύτας ὀλοφυγδόντας ἔσχε  
 θαύμαζον δρώμῃ δ' ἐκ ἔπλετο πᾶσιν ἡ αὐτὴ:  
 Οἱ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐνδαπίοιο πότε τὸ χρωῖμα γενέσθ  
 εὐτόχεον, πίνειν γὰρ ἐθίζετο ὄρεται, ἠδὲ  
 Ἐπείετο, πίνεσκε πολὺ, πίνεσκε δ' πυκνά:  
 Τένεκ' ἀναίθετο ὅφιν ἀφ' ἡπαίτο αἰθορῶοιο.  
 Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ὄοντο μολέμενον ἐν πολέμοιο  
 Ἐκ τ' ἀνγεκλισίες, καὶ γέγοντο ἡελίοιο  
 Τές τε παρῆκων κυκλῆς, καὶ ῥίνα κεκαῦσθ.  
 Τῷ δ' ἄπαυτος ἀπέρηνε λόγον σ' Ἀσκληπίετο ἄλλον  
 Ἐν αἰὲ τρεῖς λυκάβαντας Ἰώνης δεινὰ πέπονθε  
 Πλαζόμενῳ, νήσας ὅλ' ἐδίξετο Ἰηλὸν ἑσας:  
 Ἠδέτο ἀντ' αἶνε, ἀνθ' ὑδαίτο, ἀντὶ δ' κῆρυμι

Οὐρην ἔπινε μόνον, κ' αὐτὸς καὶ ὁμήλυδες ἄνδρες.  
Ἄλτε θερμαίνεσθαι πόσις τὸ πρόσωπον ἔρριξε:  
Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ Δικασπόλ' ἀντίον ἦνυδα,  
Τίφθ' ἀφαμαρτοεπὲς φλυαρεῖς Ασκληπίε; ἔδεν  
Οὐτ' οἰνοφλυγίας ορέγεις σημεῖον, ἢ ἔρε  
Πινομένε τειχέες, φοιβητὴς ἔδ' ἐ καὶ ἄστυς:  
Ἄισι σωφροσύνης Ἥρωεσ' ἐμὲ μὲν καὶ αἰδῶς,  
Θαύματα γὰρ ῥέζων καὶ ἱπερβαίνοντα πενιχρὸν  
Ἀνδρομέων πίσιν ψυχῶν ἐφοβεῖτο καὶ μήπως  
Ψευδόμεν' φαίνοιτο, τῇ δ' αἰτίῳ ὄντιν ἐρεῦθε·  
Τῆτο, ἀκρόντεσσιν ἀρέσκετο γνώμη ἀνακλ'·  
ἠλυσίοις πεδίοισι γέλωε καὶ ἄσβεστον ἐνῶντο.

TO THE READER.

**R**Eader, y'have here the Mirrour of the times,  
Old Jones wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.  
Receive him fairely (pray;) nor censure how,  
Or what he tells: the matter hee'l avow.  
And for the forme he speakes in, I'le maintain it,  
It comes as neer his vaine as I could strain it.  
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse  
Capparison'd, and pannell a great horse.  
My part claims no inventions praise: for (know it)  
Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.  
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat  
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.  
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to doe it,  
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF  
JAMES OGLETHORPE

BY  
JOHN STURGES

I HAVE BEEN much interested in the life of this man, and have endeavored to give a full and accurate account of his life and times. The following is a list of the principal events in his life, from his birth to his death.

1. He was born on the 9th of March, 1696, at the village of Oglethorpe, in the county of Oglethorpe, Georgia.

2. He was educated at the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, and at the University of Oxford, in England.

3. He was a member of the Georgia Trustees, and was one of the first settlers of the colony.

4. He was a member of the Georgia Trustees, and was one of the first settlers of the colony.

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Quint

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By

The LEGEND of CAPTAIN JONES : the first & 2<sup>d</sup> part .



Printed for R. Marriott & are sold at his shop under y<sup>e</sup> Kings head Tavern in Fleetstreet neare Chancery-lane end



After Captaine *Jones* his great Conquest in the  
Indies, these Verses were ingraven on a Pillar  
of Gold, in the famous City of *Chiapa*.

**H**Avacun ! atsigninta, rucar, ruchaquit, a holem,  
Rut si nut siquin Jonos, quintacque Britanno ;  
n rutisba Dios, chiru narapata tiquita,  
Calocobta naloc quinquimi, nava tinuloc,  
Chaquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, Cacaracarta  
nra lxnylocosb Europon quincol amoloh,  
hinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,  
Mecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rntat,  
nrurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocob  
lavocobta rrvac, Rixim car nucar avixim ;  
xlocon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,  
an Nut si nuchac, quinrochi nutisba China ;  
hipam Rumolohimac, numac taxa veronquil  
hyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir,  
hilocoontho Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,  
Quinvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.

A

By



*By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn that  
Indian Tongue call'd Poconchi, thus faithfully  
and verbatim translated into English.*

**H**O Passenger ! Behold, read, understand,  
Great Jones a Brittain conquer'd all this Land ;  
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,  
And millions of Salvages he slew :  
At last the *Spanish Dons* with all their force  
Of *Indian foot*, and *European Horse*  
Surpriz'd him neere *Chiapa*, where he stood  
Five houres in fight cover'd with fire and blood ;  
And in that furious conflict, all his men  
Who were once thirty sixe reduc't to ten,  
With those few blades, and his owne mighty Arme,  
He did repulse them without spell or charme :  
Then to his Ship retreated ; and to shew  
Twas Glory and not Gold he did pursue,  
Of all the spoiles he took but one rich Cup,  
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

*This Monument stood Undefac'd 1588. But Imme-  
diately after was demolisht by the Envy of the  
Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.*

E.L.L.

On the R E V I V A L L of  
Captaine JONES.

**W**Hy shak'st thou Coward Hand, dost drop the Pen  
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men?  
*What meanes this strange Surprizall that unknitts  
Thy joynts, possessing them with Palzied Fits?  
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,  
(Without Apollo's Call) must feele the same.  
Mow'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run  
A young Enthusiast the Priests among,  
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more  
To us, Great Britains Mars; our joyes run ore  
To see the truth of a Platonique yeare  
Confirm'd in thee; so bright dost thou appeare  
Deckt with thy valours Rayes: Poets (who can  
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up thou God-like Man.  
What brave Revenge had'st th'ad on thy old Foe,  
Hadst thou but breath'd our Aire some moneths agoe?  
Thou, and thy six and thirty set on shore  
In Hispaniola, would'st have acted more  
Than was (I blushing write it) done by ———  
And ——— with their ten thousand men.*

*I acquiesce, and leave to higher Formes  
Thy stern deportment in all Fights and stormes,  
Who draw at large, and well; my single Hint  
Is a Portentous Act in a small Princ.*

*Reward those who againe have made thee breath,  
With Laurell ta'ne from thy victorious wreath;  
I have enough t'entitle me to Fame,  
Who both a Britaine, am, and of thy Name.*

H. I.



*A Supplement to the famous Historie of the truly  
valiant and Magnanimous Captain Jones.*

**L**Ooke to your selves. I see his marble frowne,  
His threatning ashes challenge their renowne,  
Expostulating thus. Durst your narration  
Omit those noble acts of admiration,  
Which I perform'd, when *Aeolus* deny'd  
Me his assistance gainst the struggling tide?  
Never was Martiall man affronted worse,  
Tyrone had brib'd him to retort my course.  
Some wish'd mee send to Lapland for a winde,  
Nay that I scorn'd, I had enough behinde;  
Turning my posterne, I sent forth a blast,  
That tore the sailes, and crack'd the Sturdy mast,  
Hurrying my friggot with such force, that it  
Ranne on a shelve, and so was like to Split.  
'Gramercy policie, this I foresaw,  
For such mischances I had help at Maw;  
I'de dranke an Ocean up of English Beere,  
Which (wanting water) I made use of here;  
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore decke and Spouted,  
And fill'd the shoare, so that Saint Patricke shouted,  
And cry'd, my friends this is no time for mirth,  
Oh hone! a deluge comes to drowne the earth!

Obstructions being removed in this sort,  
At length I landed in an Irish port,  
And thought it wisdom, before they came to treat,  
To stay my stomach with a bit of meate.  
Seeing a cooke hang up a stall-fed oxe,  
I bade him roast him quickly with a poxe ;  
Twa's quickly done : as soone as off the Spit  
My Valiant grinders Snap it at a bitt,  
Sooner than one could turne his hand about,  
As when a Pickrell swallows up a Trout.  
The Cook's amazed : what quoth I, thou thiefe,  
I doe not eat but barrell up my beefe ;  
I can lay up a whole one and a halfe,  
The oxe that Milo Carried was a calfe:  
Sirrah make haste, get mee some more meate drest  
To fortifie the castle of my brest.  
I meane to feed as Dromedaries doe,  
Both for the present and the future too.  
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,  
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs;  
I speedily destroyd that croaking faction,  
Then could no longer live for want of action.  
Death natures beadle tooke me by the hand,  
And said, Grand Captaine I thee now disband,  
Abstract of valour, let thy name be blest,  
Lie downe within this tombe, and take thy rest.

R.LL.

## On Valiant Jones.

Come see the Man, whom Mountaines bred,  
Who talked high, as he was fed,  
No Court like Milk-sep train'd to his side,  
But yeand i'th' Region call'd the middle.  
There Captaine Jones his cradle chooses,  
More dangerous then that of Moses;  
For that was watch'd by Pharaohs daughter,  
The Deabe & Nurse did him looke after,  
Or he for them: Come Wolfe, or goat,  
Who tooke the Nibb, and fill'd his throat,  
Thence was ally'd to Brute; neer Cuck  
By th' nurses side to Romulus:  
And for his nimblenesse and skipping,  
Remus (himselfe) could nere out leap him;  
This, and the warbles of his throat  
Came from the Rennet of the goat  
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's  
All flaggy too, and ranke as theirs.  
Which was resented, as was Mars  
Or Hercules for his blacke A ----  
These were strange signes, and did betoken  
What ere was after by him spoken.

'Twas well the warrs were done before  
Lost in Lluellin and Glendore.  
Had Jones liv'd then, in vaine th' Affales  
Of Saxons, Wales had still bin Wales.  
Nay had the fates (but they deny'd,  
For Jones had neither barne nor bride)  
Sav'd but his Prapuce in Skincks fight,  
That spoyle'd his skirmishes by night.  
No doubt an Issue, not of's leggs  
But of his Loynes, for he lov'd eggs  
Extreamely to the very bowells,  
Would have out Vavasord the Powells:  
Content us therefore with those duells  
Which no man did, or very few els,  
Related from his mouth: This Brit;  
As Caesar did, could he have writ,  
What Comments had he made? what Storys  
Of Irish wolves which now are Torys:  
This Frontispice alas! nay twentie.  
As big as this had bin too scantie  
The Elephant and's Pego-man  
And Hobb's on his Leviathan,  
Nay what so ere old Inigo  
(His namesake) could have drawne for show  
Had been too small a Scene: why then  
No more, it shrivells up my Pen.

On the Legend of Captain Jones.

**R**Eader, bee *stout* and *credulous*, for he  
Must have both *Courage* and *credulitie*  
That reads this *Poem*; and to have enough,  
His soule should be halfe *Cheverell* and halfe *Buffe*:  
For *Jones* such things doth *talke*, and such things *do*  
As farre transcend all *Faith* and *Reason* too.  
That antient *Poets* that in former times,  
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying *Rythimes*;  
Must go to school to learn of *Jones*, for hee  
At once both made and writ all *Chivalrie*.  
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both must clubb  
To make one storie, this must fight, that dubb.  
Which asks *Time*, *Charge* & *danger*; whilst bold *Jones*  
Does without either, raise, and kill at once;  
*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, if he list,  
He could *dispute*, as well as *fight* with fist.  
With on *Cuff-syllogisme* confute more men  
Then *Witt* or *Reason* could convince with ten.  
'Mong all the *Gyants* whom he robb'd of breath,  
He has three signall *Battles* fought with *Death*,  
While *Fame*, that still hates living men, gave out,  
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to cleare the doubt,  
Employ'd the *Wits* with a lamenting pen  
In *Epitaphs* to kill him o're agen.  
At which enrag'd he rose, and swore *They lye*;  
*Jones* is not dead; I sweare *Jones* shall not dye.

A. B.

*Upon Captaine Jones Relating his  
own Exploits.*

**L**Oe here great Captaine *Jones* ! in whom doe dwell  
Both Mars and Mercury, Gods stout and fell ;  
Thou, thine owne Trump, dost with a valiant voice  
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conquests noise ;  
Thus thy Minerva lends thee speech and shield,  
Wherewith thou all things mak'st unto thee yeeld ;  
Ajax, Uisses, both in Thee agree,  
Thy valour and thy Tongue alike are free ;  
Great *Alexander's* Envy would have ceast,  
Nor would *Achilles* fate have Spoyl'd his rest,  
Had but *Jones* Poetry inspir'd his Soule,  
To whom, the blind man *Homer's* but a foole ;  
*Homer* cou'd only his borrow'd phansy write,  
*Jones* cou'd doe more, both strangely faine and fight ;  
*Cæsar* of all the Worthy's most like Thee,  
He did both fight and tell's owne Historie,  
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation  
Seemes but an old thred-bare narration ;  
So betweene both how vast's the Difference,  
*Jones* doth all *Cæsars* baffle, and all Sence.

*I. V. Oxon*

On the same.

**A**way with Fictions, short of our stout man,  
The Poet must now turne Historian;  
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories  
His conquests, his trophyes, and yet no lyes!  
What Warres were they when all each battell fell  
But Jones, and he surviv'd, his services to tell?  
When he relates the story, an Enemy  
Truth feares to be, lest in contending shee  
Too late learne due subjection; thus the tyde  
Forces the waters that would gently slide:  
When our great Jones, had quite subdu'd the land  
He boldly puts to Sea; but heer's a stand,  
The Sea of such an adversary proud  
To try'm, its waves into a storme doth crowd.  
Jones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,  
For he had often swam in streams of blood;  
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back,  
That th' very Ocean did feare a wrack.  
Yet he would dye, that th' shades might of him feare,  
And learne by Mortalls woe, great Jones to feare.

N. H.

  
  
*Upon the incomparably valiant,*  
 Captain I O N E S.

**W**Hen I doe read thy Legend, *Jones*, and see  
 Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,  
 I stand engag'd 'twixt Wonder and Delight,  
 That I can neither think, nor speak, nor write.  
 My Faith thou puzzl'st, and Invention too,  
 'Tis monstrous strange! but these things thou dost doe:  
*Alcides, Hector*, are out-done by Thee,  
 Thy History hath soil'd all Poetry.  
 Poore *Hector*! he by his owne Valour's lost,  
 But Thou surviv'st, and dost thy Triumphs boast.  
*Here's* les, we know, hath his *Non ultra* found,  
 But to Thee, *Jones*, nor Earth, nor Sea's a Bound;  
 The World from East to West, from North to South,  
 To eccho forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth.  
 The Earth, Great *Jones*, grows fruitfull in thy praise,  
 And all her care's to crown thy head with Bayes.  
 The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out  
 Brave *Jones's* name, who's greater far then *Cnute*.  
*Neptune* to Thee his Trident doth resign,  
 The Whales cry out with trembling, We are thine;  
 And proud of thy Command, they swell the Maine,

For

or thy great sake thronging into a Traine ;  
hen *Spain* does yeeld to thy fierce heat ; thy might  
rostrates their doughty *Don, Diego* hight ;  
thy armes so tofs'd that vap'ring Admirall,  
s if ha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.  
hou didst Beares, Lions, and such Monsters quell ;  
y thy strong hand the sturdy El'phant fell.  
e the bright Sun peep'd from his Eastern bed,  
even Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.  
hat work wouldst thou have made in one whole  
adst thou but found for thy Killzadog play ? (day,  
ow such exploits, so strange, thou couldst atchieve,  
one ever yet could tell Brave *Jones*, and live.  
ore Mortals we ! the Fates have thought it fit  
e should in wonder spend our dayes and wit.

P.D. Ox.

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**H**Ave you not heard of Jones that man of wonder  
That brought Don Deigo & Mac-kill Com under  
And when he had'um there agreed being wise,  
To run away before that they should rise?  
For'tis a Maxime; If you'd bee secure,  
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure:  
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;  
For such tuffe Fellowes as withstood his blowes  
Hee scorn'd and spar'd; thinking it base to beat  
A stubborne Enemy that won't retreat.

'Mongst all those Blustering sirs that I have read  
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)  
There's not any Knights, nor bold Atchivers Name,  
So much as Jones's in the Booke of Fame:  
They much of Greeces Alexander bragg,  
Hee'd put ten Alexanders in a Bag:  
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Louts,  
Jones with a Ragged Troope beats all to Clouts.  
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,  
For he could never be accus'd of fact:  
And yet no story a Romancer sings,  
That ere exploited more stupendious things;  
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill,  
That's but a flying tale, beleiv't who will:  
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one  
Would Skinne a Flint, and eat him when h' had done.

Had Jones but bin a live and seene the pudder

Betwix

BerWixt Briganza's Legate and Anstrudder;  
When the fierce Portugall in high Bravado,  
(Storming th' Exchange with Pistols and Granado)  
Put the poore Pego mongers to a Rout,  
And their beloved Bables flung about:  
Hee'd not have fawn'd upon like a Spaniell,  
Jones would have kickt the Dog into the Kennell;  
And spight of Darknesse made his head ring Noone,  
For daring to pluck Honour from the Moone:  
H' had dyed no other Death, for furious Jones  
Once flesh'd, would kill ten such and make no bones:  
Hee once had an Encounter with a Lyon,  
(Though most beleive hee never durst come nigh one)  
But as the Author says and I beleive,  
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give  
Each other, 'till the Beast in wofull dumps  
Worne out, (for Jones had fought him to his stamps)  
In honour of his Fall and Jones's Glory,  
Died with meere Age, and there's an end oth' story.  
Many a tough adventure he hath had,  
And like a true Knight Errand, ne'r a bad:  
He foil'd great Aldria's dust in the twink-  
Ling of an eye, as easie as to drink:  
And yet as tough, and drie a fir, as ere was y<sup>e</sup> k<sup>t</sup>  
Unto a sword (Jones often mist him chok't)  
But yet of all the Giants that came nigh him  
There's Nerapenny stuck the longer by him;  
For though his slender wounds made many doubt him,  
That threadbare Tearcoates he had still about him;  
And if they say he had not, hee's bel, ed

For

For he had ne'r a peny when he dy'd.

Jones had a valiant stomach, and would eat  
As well as fight, provided he had meat,  
Else patience upon force took place, for Jones  
Kept many fasting dayes, and made no bones.  
But I'de not have you think it was for want;  
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,  
The Fowle flew to his Table, and the Fish  
Left the cold streame, and swam into his dish.  
'Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like they say)  
Jones was a Gods-head too as well as they.

But Jones, like a Disease, both Sexes smites;  
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights:  
He was so trim a youth the Queen of No-land,  
Thought him some Princely Shaver come from Poland;  
And so he prov'd indeed, for by Gods duds  
He most unkindly left her in the Sudds;  
Jones like a Wiseacres begg'd to be spar'd,  
For he had No-Land, nor for No-land car'd:  
If any aske you wherein lay his Grace?  
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon not his face.  
To wind up all, Fame's Tramp his Deeds doth tell,  
Although a sow-gelders would do't as well.

THE  
LEGEND  
OF  
Captaine JONES.

**S**ing thy Armes (*Bellona*,) and the Mans  
Whose mighty deeds out-did  
great *Tamberlans* :  
Thy Trump (dire goddesse) send,  
that I may thunder

*The Invocation.*

Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.

The life and death of men, they could not see

Of martiall spirits, this thunder crack of terror,

rigid rocks

Might forme him, and foreshew the hardy knocks

Which

*The Legend of Captaine Jones.*

Which he should give and take: Nor were they nice  
 To thinke it base, that mountaines bring forth mice,  
 Since from a Brittish mount and *Mars* his stones,  
 They sent this Man of men, sterne *Captaine Jones*.  
 Wild Mares milk nurst him on the mountaines gorse,  
 Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse;  
 Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,  
 Which taught him to mount Rampiers like those  
 Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were, (rocks.  
 This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.  
 With *Reymond* a stout brother of the sword  
 He first attempted Sea, and went abroad,  
 Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,  
 Fame was the only prize he sought or found.  
 Twice twenty dayes auspicious waves and winds  
 Lull'd them: then *Aolus* and *Neptune* joynes  
 To work *Great Jones* his fall. Envy and ire  
 To see him more then Man, made them conspire:  
 Rough *Boreas* whistled to the dancing ship,  
 The boisterous billows strove to over-skip  
 The bounding vessell. In this great disaster  
*Reymond*, the souldiers, Mariners and Master His stout  
 Lost heart & heed to rule; then up starts *Jones*, behaviour  
 Calls for six Gispins, drinks them off at once. in a storm  
 Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather, at sea.  
 He ascends, and drew, and pist against the weather;  
 And are we borne (my hearts, quoth he) to die?  
 Shall we descend? Thy immortality  
*Neptune* thou must resigne, if I come thither:  
 One Sea may not contaie us both together.

Nor

# The Legend of Captain Jones.

3

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motiō  
 Who thought he could containe and pisse an Ocean.  
 His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he shakes,  
 And frownes; the Sea and ship and canvasse quakes :  
 Then from the hatches he descends, and stept  
 Into his Cabbin, drank again, and slept.  
 When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,  
 And arm'd against them like a man pot-sure,  
 They stint vaine stormes; and so *Monstrifera* The name  
of his ship.  
 (So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida,  
 Upon a desert Island call'd *Crotana*,  
 Where savage beasts and serpents live alone :  
 Here *Jones* would needs no land, though *Reymond* swore  
 Danger was in't : he laught and leapt ashore. His land-  
ing.  
 Danger (quoth he) to the who danger fright,  
 My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.  
 Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,  
 These for fresh food, he for adventure bound;  
 They limit their return when three houres ends,  
 Which *Reymond* with the ship at Sea attends.  
 These Sea sick souldiers, rang hills, woods, and vallies,  
 Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies ;  
*Jones* goes alone, where Fate prepar'd to meet him  
 With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him;  
 \* A *Beare* as black as darknesse, and as fell \* His ene-  
counter  
with a  
Beare.  
 As Tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,  
 Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,  
 That he no leisure had to draw for hast  
 \* *Kilza dog* his good sword, with fist he aim'd, \* The name  
of his  
sword.  
 Al arm'd, a blow, wch sure the bear had brain'd,  
 But

But that betweene her yawning teeth it dings,  
 The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings  
 Unarm'd, unharm'd from thence ; her formost pawes  
 The Beare on *Jones* his shoulder claps, and gnawes  
 The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Jones* clasp't her  
 With both his armes, and strove by force to cast her.  
 And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,  
 And foame ; but *Jones* who knew the Cornish hug,  
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,  
 And with a short turn hurles her on the ground ;  
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,  
 Which pierc't skin, ribs, and risse, and rove her heart.  
 The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,  
 And with it back unto the shore he struts,  
 Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend  
 His and the rests returne : but he (false friend)  
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,  
 Hoist sailes to sea, and tooke himsele to flight.  
 Here *Iones* found fraud in man, and deeply sweares  
 Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the rest he cheares ;  
 All safe return'd, but all in desperation  
 To see themselves left there to desolation :  
 Nor grain nor ground, but wilde ; nor man,  
 (nor beast,  
 But savage ; yet (O strange) here *Jones* doth feast  
 His six and thirty daily, 'twas with fishes  
 Tost from his halberts point into their dishes ;  
 Wherewith he took them standing on the shore  
 Out of the Ocean : whether 'twas the store  
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether

*He joynes  
 himself to  
 the 36.  
 soldiers.*

*His taking  
 of fish  
 with his  
 halberts  
 point.*

To

*The Legend of Captaine Jones.*

5

To see this wondrous man they shoald together  
And so astonied, yield themselves a prey  
To him from whom they durst not swim away.  
Bee't so, or so, I'le not decide, but I  
Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knowes no lye.  
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed  
Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,  
Who to America transports with *Jones*  
His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons,  
To Insip were they brought and left; oh then  
Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.  
Their first encounter there with famine was,  
A dry and desart soile, nor graine nor grasse,  
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread  
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house  
(and bed.  
Such living as that Country could afford  
Bold *Jones* was forc't to win by dint of sword  
Eleven fierce Kings possesse the fertile tract  
Of this great Coast, who all their powers  
(compact  
To vanquish *Jones*: A brave attempt 'tis true,  
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.  
Two thousand choise and doughty men they chose,  
To bid him battaile, arm'd with darts and bowes,  
And arrowes sadome long, well barb'd with bone  
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel and  
(stone  
And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew neer  
(him,

Captain  
Jones  
encoun-  
ters with  
the great  
Giants  
Aldria-  
dust.

He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheare them;  
 My five and twenty friends (for onely those His orati-  
 Had fate & famine left) these darts and bows on 10 his  
 Are fit to deale with fearful Crows and Daws, 25 souldi-  
 But us whose hearts of oak and empty maws, ers b. fore  
 Hungers sharp dart hath pierc't; & yet we stād their fight  
 To fright & foil our foes with sword in hand) with the  
 These weapons cannot conquer, nor the nūber 2000, / sent  
 were they two thousand such as *Iohn a Cūber*, against  
 Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as fast, him by the  
 Eat these men-eaters (souldiers) kill and tast, 11 Ameri-  
 Would you gaine glory? Kill by six and seaven, can Kings.  
 If Crownes of Kings, then here behold eleven.  
 And this he spake and drew. With stomack fierce  
 They give the first assault, Now for a verse  
 To speak *great Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes  
 Amongst the thickest ranks, cuts, kills, & throws, His cou-  
 Some by the legs, some by the wast he makes vage in  
 Shorter; another by the lock he takes, fight.  
 Reaps off his head, wherewith he braines another;  
 Then at one stroke kills father, sonne, and brother;  
 Few scap'd with life, but strangely; happy those  
 Which scap'd with losse of half a face or nose.  
 Nor may I passe his men, who cut and slash  
 Like those that fought for life, not Crowns or Cash.  
 Want made them seem (which sure their foes dismaid)  
 The very sons of death, whose parts they plaid;  
 The Insips now no aime can take aright,  
 They thinke each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite;  
 And so they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

*The Legend of Captaine Jones.*

7

Five, with eight hundred soldiers left the field ; *5. Kings*  
Twelve hundred fel: for those that went off safe *& 1200*  
Their heels & not their hearts the praise he gave. *soldiers*  
Unto their fullest towns, whē he had kild them, *slain.*  
He brought his ragged regiment and fill'd them.

Here on the river of Mengog they finde  
A Weare with fish of wondrous growth and kind,  
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed, *strange*  
All two foot long besides the tail and head. *herrings.*

Here some may aske what came of all the wealth,  
(For *Jones* brought nothing home besides himselfe)  
This conquest gain'd, sure many precious things *What be-*  
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings. *came of*  
I answer briefly ; His heroick desire *the rich*  
Ascends above earth excrements as fire : *prizes.*

Nor can descend to Crownes. The souldiers found  
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drown'd ;

Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidst this river  
He spies a saile directly bearing thither ;  
He calls, and finds them English, homeward bound,  
Who for fresh water thrust into the sound.

With these his men and he for England comes, *He & his*  
Had England known it, all her guns & drums *men come*  
Had been too little to expresse her joy, *for Eng-*  
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy* ; *land.*

Yet ere he can attaine his native coast,  
*Aeneas* like he must be tyr'd and tost  
With storms, till meat and water wax'd so scant,  
That *Jones* drank nought but pisse one week for want.

At

*The Legend of Captaine Jones.*

At last when they had cast out all their goods,  
 (To save themselves) into the furious floods,  
 The ship all bruised with sands, and stormes, and stones  
 At *Ipswich* doth disburthen the sea of *Jones*.  
*England* salutes him with the generall joyes  
 Of Court and Countrey, Knights, Squires, fools, & boys  
 In every towne rejoyce at his arrivall,  
 The townsmen where he comes their wives do swive all  
 And bid them thinke on *Jones* amidst this glee,  
 In hope to get such roaring boyes as he :  
 Others this joy, into a fury rapt  
 To sing his praise, though elegant and apt ;  
 Yet mixt with fixions, which he scornes. 'Tis knowne  
*Jones* fancies no additions but his owne ;  
 Nor need we stir our braines for glorious stufte  
 To paint his praise, himselfe hath done enough,  
 And hath prescrib'd that I should write no more  
 Then his good memory hath kept in store  
 Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can  
 Doe more, but hides it like a modest man.  
 His Brittish expedition makes me hie  
 From his vagary to his Chivalry.  
 This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,  
 Great Kêper Castle guards on Morligns mouth; *His raising*  
 Which key of Brittain (like great Brittaines *of the siege*  
 (Dover) *of Kemper*  
*Castle.*  
 Was wel nigh lost by siege til *Jones* went over,  
 To dye or raise it ; 'Twas begirt by land  
 With fifteen thousand. Foure tall ships withstand  
 All succours from the sea : Against this force

He goes as boldly as an eyelesse horse,  
With one small Bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,  
And save a hundred men was with him not one :  
But these were Welsh blades, born for hacks & hewing,  
And car'd not what they did so they were doing.  
Thus like some tempests these foure ships he frightens,  
His guns roare thunder whilst his powder lightens,  
And from his broad side poures a showre of baile,  
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, masts, & sail.  
Their shot replies, but they were rankt too high  
To touch the Pinnace, which beares up so nigh  
And playes so hot, that her opponents thinke  
Some Devill is grand Captaine of the Pinke.  
One English Pirat with them, whilst he watches  
His time to shoot, spies *Jones* upon the hatches  
And cries out, Ho, hoise Canvas all at once,  
And fly, or yield ; Zounds it is *Captaine Jones* :  
The man swore reason, and 'twas quickly heard,  
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard ;  
They fly, he followes, but a partiall winde  
And wings of feare sav'd them, left him behinde.  
To Kemper he returnes him, and supplies it  
With fifty men, and victualls to suffice it  
Six moneths : The foes by land lose hope and heart  
To oppose this new supply, and so depart :  
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,  
*Jones rescued Kemper, and the Dukedome saved.*  
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,  
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,  
Wooes

Wooes him to be Vicegenerall of his fleet ; He is made  
 Which *Iones* vouchsaf, because he was to meet Vice Gen.  
 Men like himselfe, the doughty Dons of Spain, under G. of  
 Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gaine. Güberland  
 And better fate in this designe he wisht not, & fought  
 Thē to cope single w<sup>th</sup> their great *Don Quixot*. against the  
 Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more, Spanish  
 Here *Iones* his Mistris Fortune plaid the whore. Fleet.  
 Yet, whilst thou loath'd her lightnesse to rehearse,  
 Let indignation make thee chide in verse ;  
 Ah deity ! and blindly to go on so  
 From thy deare minion *Iones*, to *John D' Alonso*,  
 Whose out and inside is no better mettle  
 Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.  
 And tak'st thou him for *Iones* ? that glorious boy,  
 Whom Venus self would kisse (were Mars away.)  
 Well fickle goddesse, if thou be divine,  
 I'll sweare, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.  
 Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Westernne maine,  
 And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine :  
*Iones* led the front (as twas his custome still)  
 The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill :  
 His ship went swiftest too, as did his minde  
 On honors wings : But (oh) an envious winde  
 Fild all his saile, and wrapt him in a mist  
 From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.  
 And thus he lost his traine, and cast about,  
 And beat these Seas five dayes to find them out,  
 Till in his quest it was his fate to meet  
*Don John D. Alonso* with the Spanish fleet.

This

This Generall bid amaine, and *Jones* desir'd  
From Canons mouth. The Don againe repli'd  
“ With foure for one. Ah *Jones*, had I my wish,  
“ Some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,  
“ To escape this dire assault; thou shouldst not then  
“ Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.  
Nine thousand souldiers was the force that fought  
This day with *Jones*, whom six huge gallies brought,  
The stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado  
That were in Spaines invincible Armado :  
*Jones* first commands his men to take their victuall,  
He souldier-like dranke much, and prayd a little ;  
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,  
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.  
By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,  
And sought to board him ; but they quickly found  
The ship too hot to grapple with so soon,  
And so bore off againe, and paid her roome.  
Then each by turne present her the broad side,  
Which she repaid with intrest, and so ply'd,  
That where her bullets pierce, whole streames of blood  
Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood;  
The foes disdain thus long to stand in fight  
Gainst one, and so presse on with all their might;  
And now the storme grew hot, and deep in blood,  
“ Mad rage had got the place where reason stood :  
Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers eares,  
From hearing cryes and groanes ; and fury reares  
This fatall combate to so strange a height,  
That higher powers expresse th' effects of fright.

Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and pist,  
 The windes fell downe, and Titan lurkt in mist.  
 Then belch huge bullets forth, smoak, fire, & thunder :  
 Their fury strikes the gods with feare and wonder.  
 One gally which two hundred slaves did row,  
 Affront the ship in hope to buldge her prow.  
*Jones* gave her leave ; but when she once came nigh,  
 One burst his murdering shot ; here doom'd to dye  
 Downe dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,  
 Don Diego de Cordona and Gonzago.  
 Stones, chaines, and bullets tare their passage out  
 Through men and galley, which soon tackt about  
 In hope to get aloofe ; but *Jones* sent after  
 Two lucky shots, which light twixt wind and water.  
 " In crept the quaking billow, where he spide  
 " Those holes, in hope its fearefull head to hide ;  
 " The galley like afeard, worse hurt, doth creep  
 " Into the trembling bowels of the deep ;  
 " And so she sanke. Thus Diego whilst he try'd  
 His force with *Jones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.  
 Now *Jones* all breathlesse sat to take his breath  
 Upon a But of sack, and drank the death  
 Of *Don Iohn de Alonso*, which his men  
 Pledge in a rowse, and so they fight agen.  
 Ninescore there were, but threescore now remaine  
 To doe or suffer, for the rest were slaine.  
 The Spanish force distract twixt hope and feare,  
 Yet by their fellows fall foreward, forbear  
 This hot assault, keep distance, and at *Jones*  
 Let fly their shot at randome all at once,

Some

Some halfe a Cable short and some flew ore  
 The top saile, some the sterne and rudder tore :  
 One, all the rest in fatall fury past,  
 And all to shivers rove the master mast,  
 Downe fell the tackle, and the vessell lay  
 An English prison and a Spanishi prey.  
 Starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow  
 They all let drive and rak'd her through and through.  
 All now but Jones and one man more were kill'd,  
 VVho cry'd, *Now fight and die or live and yield.*  
 Jones kil'd the first, the latter he besought him  
 Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him  
 Begging for life, a bullet tooke away  
 His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray ;  
 Out flew the head and bullet both at once  
 Between the manly thighes of Captaine Jones :  
 Who lookt behinde him, art thou gone (quoth he)  
 Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.  
 Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,  
 Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd ;  
 Which to prevent \* Kil-za-dog forth he drew, \* *This sword he won from the great and fearefull Gyant Nereape-ny.*  
 And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato flew.  
 And when victorious Brutus could not stand,  
 He fell, but by his owne victorious hand.  
 Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit,  
 Thy fortune and selfe-death I will inherit.  
 Thus said, his sword unto his side he pyles,  
 Which his good Genius stays & thus replies ; *His genius dechores him from self-murder.*  
 Hold Jones, reserv'd for thy Countries good,  
 Born to shed hosil, not thy home-bred blood,  
 And

And know that self death is the Cowards curse,  
For, he that dyes so, dyes for feare of worse ;  
The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake  
Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.  
I may not on thy future deeds dilate,  
Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate ;  
This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart  
Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,  
Teach them to manage armes, and how they must  
Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt in

Now *Jones* vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself (rust.  
But for his Countries good and Common wealth,  
His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,  
And he ascends the hatches all in fume.  
The Muskietiers ambitiously desire  
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire :  
Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,  
His velvet Jerkin, and his sattin hose,  
(The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath  
Fearelesse and harmlesse in the jaws of death.

The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,  
By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,  
And so forbore to shoot, drew neere and sought  
To take the prey, which they so deare had bought.

Then *Jones* all raging throwes into the maine  
That sword which men and wolves & beares had slain,  
That sword which erst had drunke the blood of Kings,  
Into the bowels of the deep he dings.  
The Ocean thirld for feare, and gave it place,  
And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.

Then

Then from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,  
 And so undaunted to *Don Iohn* he goes,  
 Who bid him Live, *Don*-like, but gave him breath,  
 Onely to breath in greater paines then death.  
 This shock had sent to Styx six thousand men,  
 Whose soules *Don Iohn* to satisfie againe  
 Inflicts more servile punishments on *Jones*,  
 Then countervails six thousand deaths at once.  
 He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks  
 Ape-like, barefoot with neither shoos nor socks.  
 Haire shirt, blew bonnet, made a servile knave,  
 A lowfie, dusty, nasty galley slave.  
 At last he brings *Jones* to the Spanish King,  
 And sayes: Great Monarch, see this pretious thing;  
 Six thousand of your bravest men he cost,  
 Who to gain him alive, their lives have lost,  
 Nor think the bargain deare, for here's a man  
 Can doe & say more then your Viceroyes can.  
 This praise was given him by the crafty *Don*,  
 For feare his losse seem'd more then what he won;  
 And so it did indeed, for *Phillip* thought  
*Jones* inside by his outside dearely bought.  
 To try he askes him, whither bound, and whence  
 He was, and *Jones* replies with little sense,  
 VVhether through feare or faining, he affords  
 To all the King demands, not three wise words.  
 To try him further, in a Jaile they cast him,  
 VVhich serv'd for nothing but to stink & fast  
 And here it was his destiny to light  
 Upon a learned Priest, a Jesuite:

*How he  
 was used  
 being ta-  
 ken cap-  
 tive.*

*He is pre-  
 sented to  
 the Spa-  
 nish King.*

*He is cast  
 in prison.*

VVith

With him falls *Iones* to work. The sacred word  
 His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword. He disput-  
 ed there  
 with a Fer-  
 suit about  
 Purgatory.  
 Their question was of purgatory, where,  
 And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here  
 (Quoth *Iones*.) For he half tir'd with paines Purgatory.  
 (would needs

Go straight to heaven: And thus the question breeds.  
*Iones* was no Schoolman, yet he bore a braine  
 Which nere forgot what ere it could containe.  
 Yet this old Priest so wrests the letters sense,  
 Equivocates, denies plaine consequence,  
 Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,  
 That *Iones* chief ward was to deny conclusions:  
 But, doe this subtil Schoolman what he can,  
 Such was the vigour of this martiall man,  
 Though he was no good disputant or Text-man  
 Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton;  
 Yet truth, with confidence and his strong fist  
 Doth first convince, and then convert the Priest.  
 Some talke of *Garnets* straw and *Lipsius* lasses,  
 VVhose miracles made many Artists asses;  
 But here's a miracle transcends them all,  
 An Artist made wise by a Naturall.

Now Englands Court rings all of *Iones* his Order ta-  
 (fettters, ken in Eng-  
 land for his  
 ranfome.  
 And men of rank were soon sent ore with let-  
 (ters,

To ranfome him for gold, or man for man,  
 On any termes. The King with many a Don  
 Consults upon this point: One thought it fit

*The Legend of Captain Jones.*

17

To deale upon exchange ; some better wit  
Thought it more fit to keep this second Drak, *The point*  
For so he term'd him wisely, and thus spake ; *of his ran-*  
Armies are Englands arme, Captains the hand *some deba-*  
Of this strong arme that rules by sea & land : *ted in Sp*  
And of this arme and hand I thinke in summe,  
This captive Captaine is the very thumb.  
This speech was short and sound, but could not goe so  
Vithour th'opposing of old Don Mendozo;  
VWho lov'd and favour'd *Jones*, but knew not why,  
(Nature it seemes had wrought some sympathy)  
Pardon (quoth he) (dread Sovereign) are we come  
To talke of armes and hands and Captaine Thumb ?  
From East to VWest our Arms and armies raigne,  
And feare we now for one to re-obtaine  
So many Viceroyes in the Isle captiv'd,  
For us, of light and almost life depriv'd ;  
VWere Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon,  
Let not their future times have this to brag on,  
That Englands Queen did prize one Captaine more  
Than Spaines great Monarch did his twenty foure.

His speech prevail'd, and so they all attone,  
And twenty foure were askt and given for one ;  
All which had led great armies to the field,  
And never knew but once, what twas to yeild.  
And thus was *Jones* dismiss ; yet ere he goe  
The King, to grace him, made him kisse his toe.  
Long maist thou live old man, and may thy tongue  
And memory, as thou grow'st old, wax young :

C

Then

Then wilt thou live in spight of time, and be  
Times subject, and time thine t'imblazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soare  
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;  
For, who can speak thee all (thou mighty man?)  
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.

Thy Irish warres, thy taking great *Tyrone*,  
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee  
(alone,

*A touch of  
some other  
deeds of  
chivalry by  
him per-  
formed.*

Thy severall single duels with fiece men  
And Bears, all slain; and that dry journey when  
Thou drank'st but what thou pist for thrice seven daies,  
Which made thee dry ere since; then th' amorous waies  
The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King  
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.  
Thy London widdow next in love halfe drown'd,  
Which thou refus'dst with forty thousand pound:  
Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,  
Raleigh's hard scaping of thy bastinado:  
Lastly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,  
Who, hadst thou had the learning to suffice a  
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able  
To sit in Councell at her highnesse Stable.  
These trophees of thy Fame, and myriads more  
Kept by thy fertile braine for time in store,  
I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ  
In golden lines by some more happy wit,  
Whose Genius, till some fury doth inspire,  
Let me sit downe in silence, and admire.

*THE END.*

## A copious commendation of a Red Nose.

**L** Et him that undertook to praise  
The French Pox, and so many wayes  
Did prove that it is now a dayes

*Commodious :*

I say, let him a while give place,  
For I will prove, a fiery face  
Is to the owner no disgrace,

*Nor odious.*

Who hath a fiery face, that man  
Is said to have a rich face, an  
Rubies about his nose, none can

*Deny it.*

And all men know as well as I,  
That what is rich, most eagerly  
We covet, and no cost deny

*To buy it.*

Some have their clothes sold from their back,  
And some their lands, and some will lack  
Meat, rather than good sherry Sack

*And Claret :*

And they swear (& swear truth) that those  
Which drink small beer, & wear good clothes  
Do offer wrong unto their nose,

*And marre it.*

If in Romes Senate ling-nos'd men

Were chose for wisest, tell me then

Why these should not be praised, When

*All men know*

A fiery face nere is without  
A rich nose: and how farre a snowe  
That rich exceeds a long to doubt  
Or call men to  
Dispute, or to capitulate,  
This matter's not so intricate  
But any may expostulate  
And judge it:  
And if judge truly hee'l confesse,  
Fire-rich, exceeds long Wise; I guesse.  
No man that hath true worthinesse  
Will grutch it.  
Besides, the world knowes this that we  
Affirme those gracious that we see  
But blush, and call it modesty  
In people.  
A rich face alwayes blushes, so  
It doth all faces else out go  
As farre as S. Faiths is below  
Pauls steeple.  
He that reads this, and does not say,  
A fiery face hath won the day,  
In judgment shewes himselfe a boy,  
And heedlesse.  
Nor will I spend more words to show  
What commendation men do ow  
To Captaine Iones his face you know  
Tis needlesse.

FINIS.

# THE LEGEND

OF  
Captaine JONES:

CONTINUED

From his first part to his end :

WHEREIN IS DELIVERED

His incredible adventures and atchievements by  
sea and land.

*Particularly,*

His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea  
by the support of a Dolphin.

His severall desperate duels.

His combate with *Bahader Cham* a gyant of the  
race of *Og*.

His loves.

His deep employments and happy successe in bu-  
sinesse of State.

*All which, and more, is but the titke of his owne relation,  
which he continued untill he grew speechlesse, and died.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold at his  
Shop in *S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleet-street* 1656.

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To the READER.

**R**Eader, read on : here you may happ'ly meet  
Newes, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in  
( your street.

Jones is reviv'd ; nere start : the danger's past ;  
What he hath done long since, now makes him last.  
His last brave actions never sung before  
We offer to your view, nor write we more  
Than he made good on oath : then (pray) believe  
What here you'll find : thus by your faith hee'll live.  
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style ;  
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile  
To be surmounted : down-right were his blowes ;  
Down-right his speech ; down-right to's grave he  
( goes.

Onely his fame by your opinion may  
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

By JOHN STOW.  
The first Edition, 1597.  
The second Edition, 1618.  
The third Edition, 1633.  
The fourth Edition, 1647.  
The fifth Edition, 1660.  
The sixth Edition, 1687.  
The seventh Edition, 1709.  
The eighth Edition, 1729.  
The ninth Edition, 1743.  
The tenth Edition, 1754.  
The eleventh Edition, 1769.  
The twelfth Edition, 1789.  
The thirteenth Edition, 1809.  
The fourteenth Edition, 1829.  
The fifteenth Edition, 1849.  
The sixteenth Edition, 1869.  
The seventeenth Edition, 1889.  
The eighteenth Edition, 1909.  
The nineteenth Edition, 1929.  
The twentieth Edition, 1949.  
The twenty-first Edition, 1969.  
The twenty-second Edition, 1989.  
The twenty-third Edition, 2009.



T H E  
L E G E N D  
O F  
Captaine *JONES*.

*Continued from his first Part to his end.*

**V**ill nothing please the taste of these rough  
(times  
But Rue and Wormwood stuff in Prose or Rimes?  
No Verse to make our Poets Laureate  
But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?  
Must all turne Mercuries, these times to fit  
By poysoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?  
That name that's got by some notorious ill,  
And merits Gives, is hatefull to our quill.  
But if the last brave acts of Captaine *Jones*  
Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,  
May be admitted in this ruffling age,  
Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.

Ye

Yet know we still are ty'd to our low strein,  
 We must not once transcend his down-right vein.  
 And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,  
 (Reader believe't) 'tis *Jones* that speaks, not I.  
 We left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought,  
 Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat, <sup>24. Spanish</sup>  
 Cōpar'd to him, though each had had cōmand <sup>comman-</sup>  
 Over great Armies, prest for sea and land. <sup>ders given</sup>  
 Here see him shipt for his dear native coast; <sup>in ex-</sup>  
 Where ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the <sup>change for</sup> <sup>him.</sup>

(roast

With new found foes, who attempt his force to shake;  
 But sleeping Lions 'tis not wise to wake.  
 Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves enlarge,  
 Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge  
 And weighty convoy of this mighty man  
 To whence he came; but ere the ship had ran  
 Ten glasses out, comes Boreas with a cloud  
 As black as ink; the steeres-man cries aloud  
 Down with the top-saile, keep the sprit-saile tight,  
 Haile the main bowling. Whilst this mask of light  
 Usher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep  
 High as her self in ridges, and as steep  
 As *Cair's* tall Pyramids: the labouring ship  
 Like a chaf'd Bear with Mastives, strives to keep  
 Her beak aloft; some billowes she breaks throw,  
 Others mount over her at poop and prow.  
*Jones* heard this stir unmov'd: from *Neptune* still  
 He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.  
 Thus whilst the carefull sea-men work and pray,  
 He careless, to his cabbin calls his boy,

And

And makes him read to him the ancient stories  
Of our old English Worthies, and their glories ;  
How our *S. George* did the fell Dragon gore :  
The like archievement of *Sir Eglemore* :  
*Topas* hard quest after th'elf-queen to *Barwick* : *Sir Topas*  
*S. Bevis* cow, & *Guy's* fierce boar of *Warwick*, *rime in*  
These stories read, exalt his haughty minde *Chaucer.*  
Above the servile feare of sea or wind,  
The ships hard state grew now from ill to worse :  
Between two hideous seas acrossse her course,  
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main mast break.  
Shook with this shock, she springs a dangerous leak:  
Which her slye foe soon findes, and to begin  
Like a dire dropsie, drenches all within.  
Thus whilst a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,  
She's forc'd to be her own destructions tomb.  
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,  
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.  
Here might be seen the sad effects of feare  
Which severall wayes in severall men appeare :  
Some cry'd, some pray'd, whilst others sweare or rave,  
To leave the land to make the sea their grave.  
*Jones* swoln with the brave actions of his Knights,  
Big as the sea, ascends and *Neptune* cites  
To single combate : when a boisterous wave  
Which *Neptune* sent to make him *Neptunes* slave ,  
Whurles him a cables length to sea, the ship  
Sinks with the rest, who give this world the slip.  
Well now *Sir Jones* 'tis time to shew your skill ;  
You must swim stoutly for't, or drink your fill.

No

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,  
 Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n spirit.  
 As a grim \* sea-calfe still presaging storms \* *Alway*  
 Wallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms: *portending*  
 Just such is *Jones*: as if he had been bred *stormes*  
 With her finn'd frie within her watrie bed. *when they*  
 No ship for help, no land for hope appeares; *are seen to*  
 Horror of billowes roaring in his eares. *play.*  
 Nothing supports but confidence alone, as  
 If some prest Whale must take up *Jones* like *Jonas*.  
 At last (alasse!) he findes he is no fish,  
 His spirit 'gins to leave his treacherous flesh.  
 Continuall laboring makes his limbs waxe stark  
 And stiffe with cold, his optick sense growes dark,  
*Neptune* insults, and brandishing his mace  
 Makes his rude billowes dash him ore the face.  
 Now see the fate of noble resolution,  
 When *Iones* thought nothing but of dissolution,  
 Man's constant friend a gentle Dolphin glides *The Dol-*  
 Between his thighs, on whom he mounts and *phin is al-*  
 (rides *ways ob-*  
*serv'd to be*  
*a lover of*  
 In post with mighty speed, through wind and  
 (weather; man.  
 So his kind fish holds out he cares not whither;  
 Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets  
 From ridge to ridge; 'twas strange, how fast he sits  
 In this rough road; but *Iones* learn'd from his cradle  
 To ride without a stirrop or a saddle  
 When on the mountains tops wilde mares he spide,  
 He suckt them dry, and then straight up and ride.

At last at this high speed he gets the sight  
 Of land, so neere, hee's ready to alight,  
 When his kind fish much griev'd to leave the burthen  
 She lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn  
 With mighty speed, still *Iones* doth her bestride  
 Beleeving now he should toth' India's ride.  
 Faine would he turn her, but he knew not how,  
 He never knew a bridles want till now :  
 At last the faithfull fish preferring higher  
 Her riders safetie then her own desire ,  
 She turnes her course about with happy hast,  
 And so our errant Knight on land she cast.  
 Some Spanish writers flatly do deny  
 He suffered wrack, and plainly term't a lye :  
 They say the ship that led this dangerous dance  
 Was built by Lewis King Henry's sonne of France,  
 And took that name from him, who beares *The eldest*  
 (that name *son of the*  
*King of*  
*France al-*  
*waies stild*  
*his glory the Dol-*  
*phin.*  
 As eldest sonne, who still is styl'd the same :  
 They write *Iones* got this ground t'augment  
 And cheat the world with this stupendious  
 (story;  
 But let the reader judge if this be true,  
 And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.  
 Well now to *Iones* againe, we may conceive  
 He was not ill apaid to take his leave  
 Of this rough element : nor did account it  
 Much worse to goe on foot, then ride so mounted.  
 'Tis true, he road this lofty fish in state,

But

But 'twas too neer the boisterous fit of fate,  
 He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheele, though fickle;  
 Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;  
 Or that his manly limbs should be a feast  
 For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.  
 His next work is to finde some habitation,  
 Though he came safely there, 'twas in mean fashion,  
 The self-same clothes which when *Alonso* brav'd him,  
 He made him wear, and to the gally slav'd him.  
 And though this last foul storm had little harm'd him,  
 It seem'd to some strāge thing to have transform'd him  
 Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred locks, *Nebuchad*  
 Like *Babels* King, when turn'd into an Oxe: *neer ar.*  
 For a fresh-water souldier none could doubt him,  
 The seas salt teares ran trickling round about him.  
 In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,  
 And coasts the maine with many a weary stand.  
 At last he spies a house, not great, but good:  
 For here he finds a brother of his brood,  
 VVho had adventur'd in those wayes before,  
 And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it ore.  
 He quickly finds that *Jones* had scap'd some wrack;  
 Experience, charity, and pity spake  
 On this behalfe; the good man bids him in,  
 And with *X're kindly welcome* doth begin.  
 He spak't in Dutch, which gladded *Jones*, for he *+The sam*  
 Could speak't aswel as t *Grace dw worth a wee. in Wel. b*  
 VVhich language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him  
 VVhen Greenfield to America had brought him.  
 By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones*:

Drye

Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.  
The table's set with homely wholesome cheare,  
And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.  
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat then faire,  
But wondrous free, and there to debonaire.  
Which makes *Jones* aske what Country 'twas that gave  
This noble welcome to her humble slave?  
He's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States  
Brave seat of warre, where many broken pates  
Are got and given, and for his wants supply  
The good strong towne of Flushing stood fast by,  
Where Sir *John Norrice* did command in chiefe  
For England's glory and the States reliefe.  
This tickled *Jones* with joy; for Horace Vere,  
Norrice, and he had been (I know not where)  
Comrades in armes, ere *Jones* did entertain  
That crosse designe with Cumberland for Spaine.  
But now a bed does well, to take some rest  
Where this good host directs his weary guest!  
And having slept his fill, he timely rose,  
Takes a most thankfull leave, and on he goes.  
His purpose is to take his passage over  
At the next Port he finds: from thence to Dover.  
But first at Flushing he resolves to touch,  
Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,  
Brave Norrice holds his troop; Here *Jones* arrives,  
Just as he came from Jaile, except his Gives,  
Clad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,  
His cap true blew; no company, but they  
That will not leave him whilst he hath a ragge, *Lowse.*  
Such

Such as possesse the Begger with his bagge.  
 Winds, storms, nor seas, nor ought that could undo him,  
 Could make them flinch, like friends they stick close to  
 (him.

And thus accompanied he doth approach  
 Toth' Generalls house, neither with steed nor coach;  
 But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time  
 When Norrice with his Chiefes were set to dine.  
*Jones* preffeth to the Parler from the Hall,  
 And there accoasts the noble Generall.  
 Who ey'd him quickly, and cryes out (ô fate!  
 Live I to see the strength of England's State?  
 Breath'ft thou brave man at armes? *Jones* art thou he?  
 Or is it Mars himselfe disguis'd like thee?  
 Quoth *Jones*, The scourge of Spaniards and of Spaine,  
 Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their paine,  
 Stands here; and yet would breath some few yeares  
 To prove King Philip or my self the stronger. (longer,  
 The rest was deare imbraces, and his place  
 By Norrice side; and then a hasty grace.  
 Now might I dwell upon the luscious cheare,  
 Which here grew cold, whil'ft each mans eye and eare  
 Fed on the person and discourse of *Iones*,  
 And quite forgot their toasts and marrow bones.  
 And whil'ft his strange adventures past, he tels;  
 The Captaines, Serjant Majors, Collonels  
 Fast to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,  
 And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.  
 Here mark his constancy, beyond these men,  
 He eats and talkes, and eats and talkes agen.

Their

Their mawes are cloy'd to heare those deeds of his,  
His stories are his meales Parenthesis.  
But when he spoke of Spaine, 'tis past beliefe,  
What fearefull wounds he gave the chine of beefe,  
A capon garnish'd wick slic'd lemmons stood  
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;  
And made it leglesse ere he made a pause,  
Meerly in malice to the Spanish sawce.  
He wrecks his wrath on every dish that's nigh him,  
And spoil'd a custard that stood trembling by him;  
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty dish,  
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fish.  
At last his fury 'gan to be asswag'd,  
And then the Generall all his friends ingag'd,  
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowse  
Of lusty Rhenish, till both men and house  
Turne round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd  
To worke his fall, with hideous seas and wind:  
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to taske;  
And layes sore to him with his potent caske.  
And whilst with lusty grape ore-born *Iones* reeles,  
H'assaults his head, and so trips up his heeles.  
But up he rose againe with vigour stout,  
And sweares though foil'd, hee'l try an other bout.  
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonell Skink  
Kills a huge bowl of sherry Sack, to drink  
A health to Englands Queen, and *Iones* is he  
Must take't in pledge; and so he did: but see  
The strange antipathy between this man  
And Spanish grape as well as Spanish Don.

D

Against

Against them both his stomach fierce doth rise,  
 No sooner drunk but up again it flies.  
 This odde distemper made him half asham'd,  
 But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd,  
 Nor was he pleas'd with Skink of this affront,  
 (For so he took't) he knew Skink could not want  
 The wine of Rhene for healths : why then in Sack,  
 Unlesse it were to lay him on his back ?  
 Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff-coat,  
 Then grapples close ; and had pluckt out his throat,  
 But that the wary General interposes  
 His hands and friends between their bloody noses :  
 And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth aallies,  
 He damps the fury of these fiery boyes ,  
 And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,  
 But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.  
 The night dispers'd them now to severall wayes,  
 As they were quarter'd. *Jones* with *Norrice* staves,  
 Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,  
 Intended for himself, with all things to't.  
 Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends  
 A Captain, boldly to demand amends  
 For last nights work, and *Jones* to do him right,  
 A bullet must exchange in single fight.  
 For which himself and *Second* would not misse,  
 Where *Jones* design'd to meet with him and his.  
 This *Jones* accepts, and sweares before that night  
 He shall heare from him, how and where he'l fight.  
 He thus dispatcht, Sir Roger Williams enters,  
 To whom much kind discourse past ore ; he yenters

To tell his difference with Skink ; which told,  
 Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,  
 Protests himsefse his Second, hafts to Skink,  
 Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink :  
 That *Jones* and he at the South-postern gate  
 Early next morn would meet him and his mate,  
 With sword and pistoll hors'd, and there agree  
 To fight it two to two, or *Jones* and he.  
 Then comes to *Jones*, supply'd him with a horse  
 Well rid and fierce ; Bucquoy had felt his force  
 Before Breda ; then gives that sword and belt  
 Which Prince Llwellin wore, when slain neer

*The Prince  
 of South-  
 Wales,*  
 (Bealt. *Who was  
 slain neare  
 Bealt, a  
 town in  
 Brecknock-  
 shire.*

The hour come, these champions soon appear,  
 They spend no time in words ; in full career,  
*Jones* charges bravely close up to his brest,  
 And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the best :  
 Makes him through haft forget to prime his  
 (pan,

So mist his shot, and so preserv'd the man.  
 Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,  
 Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,  
 His pistoll at his face ; 'twas aim'd so neare,  
 It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his eare.  
 Skink's bullet pierc'd the blow of *Jones* his saddle,  
 And slightly circumcis'd his foremans noddle,  
 The Seconds stood attending the event  
 Of this first charge, both resolutely bent,  
 If either in th'incounter had been sped,  
 To run the same adventure they both did.

But when they saw the bravery of their fight,  
Both having lost their blood, the quarrel flight :  
They both detest such men should be destroy'd,  
By which their countrey should be sore annoy'd :  
With joynt consent their power they unite  
To ride up to them, and break off the fight :  
Thus got between them, all best meanes they use  
To take it up : which both inrag'd refuse.  
They urge the equall termes on which they stood,  
In point of honour : both had lost their blood,  
Both fought it well ; how light their quarrels ground,  
Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.  
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,  
Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they doe.  
Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,  
And mischeifs engin rests : they sheath the sword.  
And thus (in few) this dangerous duell ends,  
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends :  
Their Surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,  
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.  
This newes comes quickly to the Generals ear,  
Who when he heard their lives were out of feare,  
He gently chides them that they would expose  
Their limbs unto the various chance of blowes  
In single duell, when the common good  
No longer stands then such good members stood.  
Ten dayes are spent ere *Jones* could stand upright,  
Through his slight hurt : which come, the noble  
(Knight

Brave

Brave *Norrice* he takes leave of, with the rest  
Of that brave martiall crew, and then addrest  
Himself for *England*: Joy thou happy Isle,  
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quoile;  
Ye blustering boyes of Britain feast and quaff all:  
The man's at hand whose presence makes you laugh all.  
Welcome to Dover thou great son of Mavors,  
So spake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horse,  
Mounted to meet him with his reverent train,  
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain;  
After some short repast, on post he rides  
To Non-such, where her Majesty resides,  
Where he was soon brought up to kisse her hand,  
By his dear friend *George* Earl of Cumberland.  
But then when took to private conference,  
What newes of moment, what intelligence,  
What Spanish plots, what mysteries of state,  
Unto her Majesty he did relate,  
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;  
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not show it.  
But 'twas observ'd he gave a written book  
Unto her hand: on which she daign'd to look,  
And seem'd to slight it in the publique face  
Of Court; yet made some use of 't in a place  
That's privy, so dismiss him to his rest,  
Or her Courts welcome; as to him seem'd best.  
'Twas now the time when \* *Essex* was in- \* *Robert*  
(gag'd Earle of  
In Ireland 'gainst *Tyrone*, with whom he *Essex*.  
(wag'd

A bloody warre : which to the Queen and state ;  
 Seem'd long and costly : after much debate  
 It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,  
 Whose active force and spirit dares and can  
 Put a full period to this warre at once,  
 Without delay, and this was Captain *Jones*,  
 On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain  
 To get some small command to conquer Spain.  
 'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,  
 Till that be done he must let Spain alone.  
 Thus his Commission's seal'd to raise his force,  
 A compleat regiment of British horse :  
 He's thence to waite them ore the Irish brine ;  
 And then his force with noble Essex joyn.  
*Jones* lost no time, goes in five dayes to Wales :  
 Shewes his commission, tells them glorious tales ;  
 He need not beat a drum, nor sound his trumpet,  
 His name's enough to make these Britons jump at  
 This brave employment under such a Chief,  
 Whose fame's reserve enough for their relief.  
 Perplext he was in choosing his commanders,  
 For he still fancied best his old Highlanders ;  
 But many worthies of the lower parts,  
 Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.  
 But all respects put by, h' inlisteth ten  
 Of his old gang, all hard bred mountain-men  
 For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,  
 Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,  
 John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,  
 And Tom Dee Baagh, a fierce Rat at gteen cheese,

*The Legend of Captain Jones.*

39

Llewelling Reese ap David, Watkin Jenkin,  
With Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;  
These for his guard, his Officers in chief,  
Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,  
With Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,  
Well known for plundering many cow and nag;  
Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,  
Whose word in's colors was, *YE ROGUES have at ye*.  
Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin,  
Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VWilliam,  
With many more whose names'twere long to write,  
The rest their acts will get them names in fight.  
We must conceive they all were men of fame  
For here we see them all men of great name.

*Jones* with these blades advanceth to the\*dale  
There lines himself and them with noble Ale  
Of such antiquity as hath not been there  
The like since \* Robert of the Vale was seen

\* A little  
village by  
Milford.

(there  
VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit,  
To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit.  
His forces slipt, at last a board he goes,  
A lusty South-east gale so fairely blowes  
That forty houres easily brought him in  
To Dubline Harber where he lands his men,  
There getting knowledg where the Army lay,  
To the Lord Generall he takes his way  
From whom a noble welcome he receives,  
And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.

\* An old  
Welch Pro-  
phet, who  
foretold  
the landing  
of Henry  
the seventh  
there.

*Jones* first informs himselfe in what condition  
Tyron's made up for warr, what ammunition,  
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,  
How victualled, all occasion he doth catch  
To take him tripping; when at length he found,  
He would not give nor take an equall ground,  
To hazard battell, he resolves to try him  
In such a way as he should not deny him,  
Unlesse with losse of honour, he indites  
This fearefull challenge which his squire writes :  
False traitor to thy country and thy Queen,  
I he who yet my peer have never seen  
In feats of armes, whose martiall hand hath slain  
Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain :  
Done more than I can write ; I say, I he  
Urge thee to single duel : and to thee  
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,  
On foot or horse-back : think it no disgrace,  
That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,  
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief) I  
Call thee to question, 'twere ambition  
In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,  
T'augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger.  
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.  
This done, a Herauld is strait charged with it,  
In publique to Tyron's own hand to give it,  
Who to him hafts, and in the publique view  
Of all his Army sayes, (Tyron) to you  
I have command to bring from Captain *Jones*  
This challenge ; read it, and resolve at once.

He

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,  
That sends him this high Brave, who if he can  
But half he writes, he counts himself but lost,  
To meet him; yet in sight of all his host;  
This Brave was giv'n him: thus his honour lyes  
At stake, and therefore desperately replies.  
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,  
Nor can by words but blowes, he shall be met,  
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,  
Surrounded with the bog, neither with shot,  
Nor head steel'd dart: this sword I weare shall do't,  
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horse, but foot to foot.  
He thus dispatcht, Tyrone doth straight seek out,  
Brain Mac-kill-cow a strong sturdy lout,  
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone so mighty,  
He felt no burden were it nere so weighty.  
The strongest man in all his camp by half.  
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf,  
Bred in the Irish wildes 'mongst bogs and woods,  
And like an outlaw liv'd on others goods.  
And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,  
To personate himself in fight betwixt  
Him and our *Jones*, true armes of largest size,  
He donnes on him, then to his loynes he tyes  
Morglay his trusty sword, then sweares devoutly,  
If in this combat he behave him stoutly;  
He'l raise his meanes above two English Barons  
In lands and sheep and coves and lusty garrons:  
Bryan's all confidence and hastens thither  
Where *Jones* and he must try their force together,

The

The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,  
 No traversing of ground, no boyes-play there,  
 The rest was bog, ore which some planks were laid  
 To passe them ore; and then to stop all aid,  
 Were took from thence: here *Iones* our valiant fighter  
 Advanceth first: Bryan with his fell smiter  
 Is hard at hand, they spare no time for words,  
 Their mettle is the whetstone of their swords.  
 They clap together like two sons of thunder. (under  
 Their blades struck lightning, whilst the earth quak'd  
 The burthen she bore; no stroke that's given, but death  
 Seemes to attend it, till both out of breath  
 Consent to make a stand, but this short rest  
 Was like a sallet with a muttons brest  
 To their sharp stomachs, to't they go again,  
 And lay on load like devils, not like men.  
 Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own blood,  
 To find their flesh in whose defence they stood,  
 Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt off  
 As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.  
 At last, as I have seen a man of war  
 Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,  
 In bulk and strength: so *Iones* deales now with Bryan,  
 With shuns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lion.  
 For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout  
 Doth so belabour *Jones* from head to foot,  
 That both his eares doe oft with sorrow sing,  
 And's eyes see starres at noon (a wondrous thing)  
 We must conceive those furious blowes he dealt,  
 Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt.

But

But *Jones* esteeming it an equal thing  
To be self-conquer'd, and long conquering,  
Resolves to put the businesse out of doubt  
With one *Passe* more, which was the fatall bout:  
On this Resolve, with both his hands he prest  
The pummel of his sword against his brest,  
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts swiftly at him:  
With th' fear of this, *Bryan* had quite forgot him.  
That 'twas a bog behinde, so backward springs,  
And his whole body up to th' arm-pits flings,  
Amidst the bog. *Jones* driven with his own force,  
Missing his thrust falls headlong in the gorse,  
But pitcht upon his foe, by happy fate,  
With which ore-born, our *Jones* so mawles his pate,  
That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,  
Of being the anvill of our *Jones* his anger:  
And now the day is his, his strength he straines  
With hand and hilt to beat out *Bryan's* brains:  
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yeild  
My self and sword, the honour of the field.  
And where the power rests, 'tis much bettet far  
To give then take a life in chance of war.  
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of *Jones*,  
He spares his life and drawes him forth at once.  
Besides he scorn'd posterity should tell,  
That by his hand *Tyrone* so nobly fell.  
And thus *Oneale* his captive (as he thought)  
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:  
Presents him to the General, and then spake,  
Sir if you have ten more *Tyrones* to take,  
Command,

Command, Ile do't ; here see him hither led  
 By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.  
 The joy was great, but short ; 'twas quickly known,  
 This was but some impostor for Tyrone :  
 And this an Irish Captive at first view  
 Made known, who him and his condition knew.  
 This bred a qualme in some, whil'st others smil'd  
 To see their British Champions so beguil'd,  
 And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,  
 To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaneer.  
*Jones* vext with this, retires unto his tent,  
 An angry, dirty, desperate, male content.  
 Three dayes thus spent, his wrath no longer beares  
 This base affront ; (like *Scævola*,) he sweares *Scævola*  
 Hee'l kill Tyrone in midst of all his force, *against*  
 Though in the act himself be made a coarce : *Personna*  
 In this wild mood by night he doth convey *in Livie.*  
 Himself, where he suppos'd the Rebells lay :  
 Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before, (more  
 March'd farre through desert woods, and would no  
 Of these affronts ; which to put off agen  
 Might breed contempt of him with his own men.  
 Two dayes *Jones* spends in quests to finde him out ;  
 At last he was encountred with a rout  
 Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once  
 Assail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.  
 'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs  
 Had been so bold to shake him by the logs :  
 But when his sword was out he makes them feel,  
 Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.



'Gainst him alone ; all rais'd with him to fight,  
To his destruction, or t'eclipse his might,  
By that old timerous treacherous kern Tyrone,  
Who durst as well meet death as him alone.  
The plight our *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt  
But he had had at least a devilish bout,  
If not with Devils ; on him each man seeth  
The fearfull character of nailes and teeth.  
We may not stand to shew what Essex's sense  
Was on these actions, nor the consequence  
They did import : the progresse of this story,  
Hastens our muse to *Jones* his farther glory.  
Fame these atchievements brings to Englands State ;  
Which held the Queen and Councel in debate  
About this man ; and all at last suppos'd,  
In policy he's not to be expos'd  
To the close dangerous plots of such a foe,  
Who neither values faith nor honour, so  
His mischiefs take successe : and thus the State  
Lose this dear Limbe, and then repent too late.  
Some looking deeper into *Jones* his spirit,  
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,  
Hold it not safe he should be open to  
The windy baits of that so subtil foe,  
To gain him to his part ; whose haughty mind  
Would soon take fire ; then could not be confin'd.  
And if by such a plot they should be crost,  
They all conclude that Kingdome were but lost.  
These grounds invite them wholly to decline  
His warfare there ; so on some grand design

Pretended they invite his quick repaire  
To Englands Court to act this great affaire.  
Heco mes, but leaves his British troops to fight  
Tyrone to death; whose acts who please to write,  
May meet with subjects brave to rant upon,  
But for my self I am quite tyr'd with one.  
And thus transported from the Irish strands,  
At Aberust with a Welch Port he lands; *A Towne  
and Port  
in the  
County of  
Cardigan.*  
Where ere two dayes he fully spent for rest,  
A goodly vessel with crosse winds opprest,  
Comes boyling in; *Iones* by her colours knows  
She is of Spain: his colour comes and goes  
At sight of hers; that such a godly prey,  
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.  
He musters strait a troop of british lads,  
Who on their mountaine geldings clap their pads;  
With rusty bills instead of staves in rest;  
Such were their horse, such were their arms at best.  
Then with a fowling-piece the ship they haile,  
With confidence that she would straight strike saile:  
But she makes answer, that she was too lot,  
From her broad side with twenty Culver n shot.  
This struck a stand, till *Iones* cry'd out what doubt ye?  
The day is ours, masters lay about ye,  
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,  
Ile bring the reare, for they know me of old,  
If once my name or person they descry,  
My life for yours they'l either yeild or fly.  
Made bold with this, in full carriere they rile  
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

The

But when they came brest-high amongst the waves,  
Their horse more wise by halfe then these mad knaves,  
Snort at the foaming billowes, turne their tailles,  
And make a faire retreat from Sea and Sailes;  
Which lest it should seem done on termes of feare,  
*Jones* to the front, now hastens from the reare,  
And leads them back againe in good array,  
Neither with hasty flight, nor much delay.  
At his returne he searcheth all that coast,  
To finde a herring-boat or two at most;  
With which he doubts not but hee'l sinke or take  
This lusty Ship; whose bravest men will quake  
To heare his name. But Fate that had decreed  
To save her, caus'd her hoysse her sayles with speed;  
So with a strong fore-winde away she flies,  
And leaves our *Jones* to seek some other prize.  
Thus crost in this designe to Court he went,  
Where he is met with noble complement;  
And from the Queen such grace he doth receive,  
As he deserv'd, and stood with her to give.  
Now for the great affaire that call'd him back,  
The Lords must pump for't in a cup of Sack  
To helpe invention: *Jones* must be preferr'd  
To some employment, be it nere so hard.  
In deep consult and long discourse they sat on't,  
And studied for't; at last they lighted pat on't.  
It is resolv'd, that he must be the man  
To goe in ambassy to Prester John.  
The businesse carryed with't a glorious face;  
Employ'd ambassador unto his Grace.

*The Legend of Captain Iones.*

49

The dangerous voyage to a place remote,  
Affects him most to get his name more note  
In forain Lands ; hee'l not refuse the work,  
Were't to the Great Magul, or the Great Turk.  
A lusty Ship's prepar'd, againe he goes ;  
But what this great imployment was, who knowes ?  
Reader I know thy thoughts are strongly bent  
To know this first designe, on which he went.  
But know this first, that Princes secret wayes,  
Are such as Ships cut thorow deepest Seas,  
Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds  
And enters too far in, their deepnesse drownes.  
If bare conjectures may give light to thee,  
Here take them freely ; harmelesse thoughts are free.  
Perhaps this high blown spirit now is sent  
To forain aire, where it may purge and vent,  
And so returne more fit the State to serve  
In their commands, who yet must him observe.  
Perhaps he went this Priestly Prince to gain  
Unto our Church ; who gave good proof in Spain  
Of's power in this ; or to negotiate  
Commerce betweene the Æthiop and our State,  
For tuskes of Elephants to haue our knives,  
Apes and Baboones and Pugges to please our wives ;  
Which things satiety makes common there,  
And curiosity orepriseth here.  
Be't what it will, our *Iones* is gone upon't,  
And we may know he will make something on't.  
His treacherous friend the Sea his charge receives,  
And with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,  
E Making

Making the Land his firmer friend appeare  
 Still lesse ; untill at last it brought him where  
 He lost her sight : for three months time he makes  
 Good way ; at last the wind his wings forsakes  
 The Ship's becalm'd, and to the Port she seekes,  
 Shee gaines not halfe a league for thirteene weeks.  
*Jones* finds this lazie warre offends him more,  
 Then all those hideous stormes out-rid before.  
 These sad effects this sleepey calme attend ;  
 Victuall and beverage spent ; lesse hope of end.  
 Then feare of further miseries ensues,  
 The Sea with calmes his patience doth abuse,  
 Turnes diuinish Statel-man, puts on a smooth face  
 Salutes and kills them with a soft imbrace.  
 'Twas now farre worse with *Iones* then erst with Skink,  
 For three weekes his owne Urine is his drink,  
 Which his hot body had so oft sublim'd.  
 'Tis grow'n a cordiall, like gold thrice calcin'd.  
 Breeses of wind at last his sailes display,  
 And waft him into the Barbarick bay,  
 Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves  
 His boisterous charge in *Mare rubrum's* waves.  
 And lastly he attaines beyond all hope,  
 Errocco the sole Port of *Æthiope*,  
 And here he lands, and empties many a bowle  
 To allay the fury of his thirsty soule.  
 After some rest he gets intelligence,  
 Where 'twas the Prince then kept his residence ;  
 Where he repaires, and's told when he comes thither,  
 The Prince and towne are both remov'd to gether

Some

*The Legend of Captain Jones.*

51

Some ten miles off. The Prince and town? (quoth  
(Jones)

have met my match : here's people make no bones  
Of things beyond believe. And yet 'twas true ;  
This towne was tents which fifty thousand drew,  
And rais'd in th' instant wherefoere the Prince  
ate downe to sport, or shew magnificence.  
By Mount Amara now his Court he reares ;  
A Mount far differing from the name it bears : *Read pur-*  
f Paradise had ere a second birth *chas in his*  
Below the seat of Saints, 'tis there on earth. *relations*  
An humble valley is the Garden where *of Ethiopia*  
his Mount is rais'd ; a vale so rich, so rare ; *pia, you-*  
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot, *ching this*  
And striving to be quaint, she quite forgot *Mount.*  
to keep reserves : for by this worke we know,  
hee made it such she could make no more so.  
Amidst this vale is rais'd this lofty structure,  
ive leagues upright. It's outsid'es architecture  
In polish'd Marble ; but so rich, so faire  
You'd think't a pillar of one stone in th'aire,  
y some high power unto Atlas given,  
o ease his shoulders whil'ft it proppeth Heaven.  
his goodly Mount a specious plaine doth crowne,  
nboist with Natures gemmes, a velvet down  
hat's alwayes greene ; no frost, no winter here,  
ontinuall Spring : here Phœbus all the yeare  
rom rise to set, doth alwayes fire his eye,  
s loath to put so faire an object by.

Here grow those happy trees from whence there  
(spring

That precious oyle, which erst anointed Kings,  
And sacred Priests. Nor croud they here to take  
One sense alone; the sent and sight partake.

So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,  
As sweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.

No orchard here, nor garden but the plaine;

The choicest fruit all Europe doth containe;

Grow here unplanted, here's the luscious Grape,

That makes Joves Nectar: 'twas not Helens rape

That ruin'd Troy: the Apple got from Thence, The Apple

Had worth enough to do't. Here every sense which three

Would surfeit, but each objects rarity goddesses,

Gives appetite without satiety, Juno, Pal-

Roses and Tulips Flora gathers here (hair, las and

When we have none, to crown her golden Venus, con-

And here Medea pickt (if Jones speak truth) tended for,

Those herbs which turn'd antiquity to youth: which was

The only Phoenix deignes to wether here, given by

The only place like her without a peer: Paris to

Lest all these sweets should want sweet har- Venus:

(mony

A numerous quire of nightingales, comply whereupon

To warble forth the sweet Amara's praise, followed

Who turnes their mourning notes to merry the destru-

tion of

Amidst this plaine there glide: a silver brook, Troy.

So gently, that the subtlest eye may look,

And find no motion; on his violet banks

Thick

Thick Cipres trees marshall themselves in ranks,  
 To keep out Phoebus : whose enamor'd beames,  
 Peep through each little crink to view his streames :  
 His pavement azure gravell intermixt  
 With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt,  
 Which as the aires soft breath his surface purles,  
 Vary their glosse, and twinkle through his curles :  
 Like a steeld glasse presenting to the eye,  
 The spangled beauty of the starry skye.  
 Here Dolphins leave the sea to wanton ; here  
 Carps since the deluge their grown bodies  
 (cheer : *A great epicure and Emperor of Rome.*  
 Umbrana's too ; such had \* Vitellius known,  
 A province should have gone to purchase one :  
 Such is Amara, such is Tempe field,  
 Elysium on earth unpareld,  
 I was here this royall Priest now kept his Court :  
 A place well futing with his fame and port.  
 And here comes Jones, where having mad's addresse,  
 Letters of credence given at his acceffe  
 In Latine writ : in the same tongne he gives  
 Jones gracious words, which language Jones conceives  
 To be Arabick, for the Latine tongue  
 He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young,  
 But that's all one, ther's no reply expected,  
 Unto a rich pavilion he's directed  
 By men of State, where he is well attended,  
 With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.  
 Some few dayes spent, and time for audience got,  
 When Prester John in royall State was set ;

*Jones* studying how t'expresse his eloquence  
In some strange language which might pose the Prince;  
Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welsh oration,  
Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.  
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sense  
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.  
His learned Linguists are call'd in to heare,  
Who might as well have stopt each others eare  
For ought they understood, and all protest  
It was the very language of the Beast.  
*Jones* hath his end, and then to make it known  
He had more tongues t'expresse himselfe then one;  
In a new tone he speaks, not halfe so rich,  
But better known, 'twas English; unto which  
An English Factor is interpreter  
Between our Captain and John Presbyter;  
His businesse takes effect (what ere it was)  
And great expresses of respect doe passe  
To *Jones* from him, as one he thought most rich  
In unknown tongues exprest in his first speech,  
And so admires him for he knowes not what:  
But *Jones* may thanke his mother-tongue for thot.  
His businesse done, hee's led for recreation,  
To take the pleasures of that pleasant nation,  
To mount Amara's top, the chiefeft grace,  
And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face;  
And finding his great heart was most enclin'd  
To martiall feats, all in one motion joyn'd  
T'invite him to their deserts, where he might  
Make triall of his force in manly fight,

With

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him comforts  
All truly try'd t'assist him in those sports.  
The motion takes, a brave accountred horse,  
And his owne armes, he and's associate force  
Advance to hunt ; me thinkes I see them all  
Drawn to the life in canvass<sup>\* painted</sup> gainst the wall, <sup>cloths in</sup>  
In som mean house made for good-fellowship, <sup>Inns and</sup>  
How fierce they looke, how brave they prance <sup>viſualling</sup>  
(and skip ; <sup>houses.</sup>  
With hounds and horns, and bil s and picks and  
(glaves,  
And speares and clubs, and many light-foot knaves :  
In this brave equipage they march away  
To the known haunts where these wild creatures  
(pray.

Twas *Jones* his trick of old to ride alone :  
In hard adventures hee'l admit of none  
To share with him, from them he steales aside,  
And in the desert by himselfe doth ride.  
Nor rode he long till just against him stalkes  
A ramping Lion new come from his walkes,  
*Jones* drawes, the furious beast with fiery eyes  
And bristled mane, against his bosome flies,  
But his keen sword met full with his fore pawes,  
And whipt them off ; and so he scap't his clawes,  
Nor stai'd it there, but gave a cruel wound  
To his left jaw, and fel'd him to the ground.  
Then nimbly wheels about, and stept aside,  
Leaps from his horse which to a tree he ty'd :  
Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

To end this combat with him foot to foot,  
 The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten,  
 His fearfull fangs in *Jones* his throat to fasten.  
 Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,  
 With left hand arm'd, *Jones* stunneth with him the right;  
 Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his stumps  
 The noble beast unconquered fiercely jumps  
 Full at his face with open mouth, and there,  
 (For his grim face could raise in *Jones* no feare)  
 In shoots the deadly blade, and out behinde,  
 Where't makes a second vent for lifes short winde;  
 This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was lent  
 That hand and hilt quite throw together went,  
 Where taking hold of his strong stern (for truth  
 He sweares) he drew't quite through his trunck this  
 (mouth.)

Then with fine force (the like was never seen)  
 He strips his inside out, and's outside in.  
 Thus tergiverst upon his steed he flings him,  
 Then mounts himselfe, & to the Court he brings him.  
 Never was royall beast so grossly jaded,  
 But'twas his fat which could not be evaded,  
 Unto the gallants of the Court he shewes,  
 How hard th'adventure was, what thrusts, what blowes;  
 On every circumstance he doth dilate;  
 Nor addes he much to truth, nor much doth bate:  
 For much he spoke, the Lion made it good  
 With losse of his foure legs, and his best bloud.  
 This strang archievement strikes them all with wonder,  
 'Twas never seen since Greeces Alexander.

Lyfima-

Lyfimachus, Lisander, nor Perdicas,  
Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as  
Our Jones in this : 'Tis true, they write they  
(kill'd,

Read Cur-  
tius, tour-  
ning these.

In single fight some few of these in field ;  
But here's a force born with a higher saile,  
Transporting tayle to head, and head to tayle.  
The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd :  
But inward feare and jealousy it rais'd  
Of our brave Queen, whose scepter doth command  
Such men whose power no Nation can withstand.  
Jones might so far on his owne strength presume, as  
To seise his throne, as \* Cortez Montezuma's \* A private  
Had done before. These thoughts he oft re- Span sh

(volves der, that  
Comman-  
tick this  
great King  
of Mex.co;  
with a  
handfull of  
men.

With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves  
To shift him thence : makes for his faire pre-  
(tence,  
Matter of high and hasty consequence,  
To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen ;  
Except her selfe it must by none be seen.

This past on Jones, who parts with high content,  
Nobly presented with faire complement.  
Amongst the rest, a Parrot that could speak  
All tongues but Jones his own ; that had a beak  
Of perfect corall, plum'd as white as snow :  
This he accepts, and so to Sea does goe :  
Where under saile such welcome he receives,  
As one dire foe unto another gives.  
With calmes, and stormes, & winds, all crosse, that bear  
The

The ship quite off the course that she would steer  
Long time thus spent, into a Bay he drives,  
And at a Port unknown at last arrives :  
Where he beholds a glorious Castle built  
High on a cliffe, whose walls pure gold, or guilt  
To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,  
To know who did this Princely seat command.  
He's told it is the Queen of No-lands place,  
The onle relict of her royall race,  
A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,  
Where many Kings and Princes of high port  
Make their addresse, and lose themselves in love,  
To purchase hers, for not a man can move  
Her heart to wed, though nere so great his state,  
Or form exact, such was the will of Fate.  
Here as he lands, a large Cannow was sent  
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.  
In this a Dutchman came by happy Fate,  
Who could his Language to the Queen translate.  
This man he tels as briefly as he can,  
His voyage from his Queen to Prester John :  
How by crosse winds in his return he's blow'n,  
And forc'd into this port to him unknown.  
*Jones* is resolv'd to see and to be seen  
Of this great Princeesse, that our virgin Queen  
Might know when he returns what form, what port  
This royall virgin carried in her Court.  
Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,  
He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,  
All massie polish'd brasse; at his first ward,

Six milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.  
Thence through a large great specious Court he past,  
And so ascends twelve ivory steps at last,  
With ebon columnes, unto which were tide  
Twelve sharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide  
When strangers doe approach. *Jones* through them  
(all

Is safely guarded to a goodly Hall.  
From thence ascends to roomes of greater state,  
And comes at last where this Princeesse royall sate  
Upon a strange rich bed, not stuff'd with down,  
But closely wrought, and like a bladder blow'n;  
Three Æthiops on each side, to fanne the air  
With Ostridge plumes perfum'd as rich as faire.  
Her beauty could not boast of white and red,  
But jet like black; about her crisp curl'd head  
And cheeks, there hang rich flaming stones and pearls,  
That past Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.  
In brieft; if Tuscan liv'd to limne the night  
Sparkling with starres, this were her picture right.  
No sooner to her sight doth *Jones* appear;  
Then to her heart his piercing eyes shot fire;  
Which Cupid blowes and rais'd into a flame,  
That warms her zeale to invoke his name.  
No part of *Jones* but in her eye exceeds  
All humane shape; some god he must be needs.  
But when at here request he doth relate  
The chances of his past and present state;  
Never was eare with Orpheus harp posselt  
As hers with *Jones*, whilst he his life exprest.

Those

Those that have warm'd themselves by these strong  
(fires,

May eas'ly guesse what fruits her wild desires  
Produc'd to *Iones* ; The observance of the Court,  
With feasts and banquets, and all Princely sport,  
Are at his foot : he cannot name nor wish  
That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.  
In this high state some months he takes his ease,  
Whil'st this sick Princeesse feeds on her disease :  
At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,  
Which threatned death, but could not quench her fires.  
A Prince there was mighty in bulk and mind,  
Whose Kingdoms confines unto No-land joyn'd :  
Descended in his race from Og of Basan ;  
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,  
Bahader Cham Mombáza's King ; h'had been  
A long hot suter to this mighty Queen,  
But still repuls'd : now this unruly fire  
Supprest with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.  
A mighty hoast he rays'd, and marcheth through  
The heart of No-land, to command, not woode :  
Approaching neer her Court, he sends her word  
She must be his owne Queen at bed and board,  
Or see her Kingdome burn in higher flames,  
Then his for her : yet (for his spirit shames  
To warre with women) if she can find out  
One man in all her Realm, that is so stout  
In her defence with him his sword to try,  
Hee'l bravely win her, or hee'l bravely dye.  
Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Could

Could not be parallel'd by man nor horse.  
Nor could it chuse but make the Queen look black,  
Not pale. Th'interpreter at *Iones* his back  
Rounds in his eare this proud imperious speech ;  
Had she been thence, h'had bid him kisse his breech  
For this proud message : up howere he starts,  
And this loud answer with his mouth he farts ;  
Goe tell Bahader Cham Mombaza's King,  
One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling  
With him ere night, that one who at one breath  
Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,  
Will looke him dead ; nor will I only be  
This Princessse champion, but (thy Cham to see)  
I'll walke through beds of Scorpions : for I hear  
He dares enough, and I can brooke no peer.  
This high reply nere mov'd the haughty Cham,  
Let *Iones* be what he will hee's still the same.  
The day's his owne before the fight's begun :  
Were Mars himself in stead of Mars his son.  
A back and brest and helmet strong he dond,  
Well wrought and varnish'd by some Indian hand,  
A whale-bone bow he takes of speciall strength,  
With arrowes barb'd, at least two yards in length :  
A crooked Scimiter whose edge was flint,  
Queintly conjoyn'd and some tough spell was in't,  
To make it proof against the strength of steel.  
Oft had this sword made head strong Giants reel.  
By his right side a massie Mace he hangs,  
With which his sturdy foes to death he bangs.  
A buckler like a Spanish ruffe he wore

About

About his neck, full halfe yard deep, or more :  
He wore not this for his defence, or grace,  
But to keep off his urine from his face.  
For you must know that member was still mounted :  
The bravest womans man on earth accounted.  
And thus prepar'd, this lusty Termagant,  
Ascends his Castle on his Elephant.  
And then advanceth to a spacious Green,  
Before the Castle of this maiden Queen.  
A brave Arabian courser is prepar'd  
For *Jones*, his owne true armes he dons for guard,  
*Llewellyns* sword to doe ; and so descends  
Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.  
*Jones* was to seek what kinde of fight were best,  
To make against this Giant and his beast.  
Both farre exceed in strength himselfe and horse,  
And therefore art must now be joyn'd with force :  
No brest to brest, a nimble charge, and gon.  
His ready steed as soon comes off as on.  
Had not the well-try'd armes he wore prov'd true,  
The Chams smart whale-bone bow had made him rue  
This bold attempt : but what can whales weake bones,  
VVhen whales themselves came short to swallow  
(*Iones ?*)  
Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off cleer,  
At last he came close up in full career,  
And turning short, the horses hind feet slippt :  
Through which mischance the Carry-castle ript  
His bowells forth, with's tusk ; down falls the horse :  
The furious beast claspt *Jones* with his probosce ;  
And

And mounts him high; but in his rise he found  
The meanes to give Bahaders face a wound;  
And cuts in th' instant off, the trunke that claspt him :  
So downe the Elephant was forc't to cast him.  
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,  
But one of *Cæsars* Soldiers and no more.

*Read the  
Commenta-  
ries de bello  
Africano.*

The wounded beast inrag'd with paine cries  
(Out  
VVith hideous voice , and plung'd and  
(branc'd about

The Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'th,  
And then (for by the Cham from his first growth,  
This feat he had been taught) though mad with paine,  
He strives to mount him on his back againe.  
But *Iones* had lopt off his strong trunk before,  
Whereby he could performe this feate no more.

Here *Iones* denies he bred this docill beast,  
Taught to his hand, he got him to the East;  
And his report must have beliefe before us,  
Who swears it was the same that carry'd

\* Read  
*Curtius*  
touching  
that Ele-

( \* *Porus* phant of

Against the *Macedon*. I cannot see (he,  
How by wise natures rules this thing should  
Unlesse in *Plinies* Volumes it appeares,  
That Elephants may live two thousand years.

*Porus*, who  
often re-  
mounted his  
master  
with his  
trunk in  
that battell  
between  
him and A-  
lexander.

Now *Iones* leaps up in hast, and swiftly flies,  
With sword in hand, where bruis'd *Bahader*  
(lyes ;

And ere he could get up, one washing stroke  
His head & buckler from his shoulders took;

Which

Which when twas off, they may compare't that will,  
To the grim S Johns head on Ludgate hill.  
His numerous Army struck with grief and fright  
At his sad fate betooke it selfe to flight,  
And thus was No-lands Queen redeem'd by *Jones*,  
From bondage, rape, and No-lands losse at once.  
Now if she lov'd our Captaine well before,  
In reason she must love him tenne times more,  
Which she exprest by laying at his foot  
Her people, No-land, and her selfe to boot :  
But whether'twas the god of loves deep curse,  
That she refus'd for better, or for worse,  
Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,  
To make her dote on a non-resident ;  
Flings snow-balles at his heart, and flames at hers ;  
To keep conjunction from these errant Starres ;  
Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got  
Some lame defect by Skinks late desperate shot  
And so his noble heart made him refuse,  
What having got he could not rightly use.  
'Tis not in me to judge, but this I know,  
Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow,  
So cold that to avoid her amorous sight,  
He leaves her court, and steales to sea by night:  
So Jason us'd Medea erst, but hee's  
So wise to take with him the golden fleece,  
Which *Jones* contemn'd to doe, and thought himselfe  
When safe return'd, his countries Mine of welth.  
No certain ground I have here to relate,  
This great deserted Queens unhappy fate,

But

But Sr. John Mandevils, who doth deliver,  
As *Jones* reports, he came soon after thither,  
And found the peoples outside all in black;  
A sad expreffion for their Princeffe wrack.  
Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,  
All white, who for them wondrous things had done,  
Redeem'd their Queen and kingdome from the shame  
Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Cham  
Came there to act, and was in open field,  
By this white man in single combat kild.  
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchleffe man,  
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can  
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,  
Whilst on the Cliffe with penfive thoughts she sate,  
A sudden spring she gave, and so commends  
Her felfe to sea, where life and love she ends.  
No more of this sad fuffe: let's all at once  
Joyne in a joyfull welcome home to *Jones*.  
In fix moneths faile he steers by Goodwin sands,  
Casts anker at the Downes: the next day lands,  
Hasts to the Queen at London, there expreffes  
Every particular of his addreffes  
To Prefter John; the great affaires fucceffe  
As she desir'd: Laftly, in his progresse,  
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,  
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,  
Till 'twas confirm'd by Sr. John Mandevill,  
Whose ftrange reports they may believe that will.  
Now let us well obferve the happy Fate,  
Which still provided for the Queen and State.

*Jones* had not rested fully three dayes here,  
But out there breaks a great and fearfull fire  
Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's  
So fit in common sense, as Captain *Jones*.  
Brave Essex through affronts turn'd male-content,  
Hatches in's brest a desperate intent,  
To seise the Person of the Queen, and those  
He found most nere about her his strong foes.  
Her Grace and Counsell call for *Jones*, to know  
What in his judgment now were best to doe.  
Who first her gracious pardon doth beseech.  
And then delivers this short pithy speech.  
First guard the Court with Westminster's strong bands,  
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.  
Out with your household men, shut up your gates;  
Wee'l make your foes turn taile with broken pates.  
Then call to you the richest of your Citt's,  
But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits  
Are close knit up: but onely thus much make  
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;  
That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand  
Can grasp the sword, and scepter of this Land.  
Thus arme their hearts, & rouse them from their beds,  
And then let us alone to arme their heads.  
She now requires, that *Jones* in person goe  
To Essex, his intents to sound and know;  
To use all fairest meanes that may reduce him,  
From those leud wayes, to which lost men seduce him.  
He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,  
And is admitted in as soon as heard.

And

And here he finds Sr. Walter Rawleigh with him ;  
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.  
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,  
But to provoke him to some madder mood.  
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth Rawleigh rate,  
Shaking his martiall truncheon ore his pate:  
Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand Jury,  
Hee'l make him else th'example of his fury.  
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense;  
Gives place to time, and so withdrawes from thence.  
Then *Jones* these Councells to the Earl began,  
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.  
How weak his power ; much lesse unto the force  
Of Englands then his Raine-deer's to a horse.  
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,  
His honours lost, his ancient house made void :  
Beside, his cause was naught ; for though himselfe  
Nere read the lawes of this great Common welth,  
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,  
There was no law to captivate our Prince.  
Thus all the harmlesse blood that shall be spilt  
In this bad cause, must lye on Essex guilt.  
Lay hand on heart most noble Peere, (quoth *Jones*)  
The Queen can pardon, and inrich at once.  
Be you but good, she can be gracious,  
Your own experience can informe you thus.  
Thus *Jones* possest his noble heart so far,  
He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war,  
Himselfe and house he yeelds unto the Queen,  
And her cold mercy, which too soon was seen.

This is the last great act I can relate,  
Of his good service for the Queen and State :  
Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,  
Which his high spirit past by without regard ;  
And his great Queen was seriously bent,  
To put him in some place of government ;  
But Nature onely taught the man to fight,  
And his rude Mother not to read and write.  
Which was the chiefeft cause that made him hate  
To be imploy'd in mysteries of State.  
Besides, he was not pleased that her Grace  
Cut off this Noble man before his face,  
Whom he brought in ; it may be his owne lot,  
With axe or cord for nought to goe to pot.  
Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,  
And worth ill weigh'd, doe make him fall behind  
Occasions lock ; which lost, he never more,  
Though bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before.  
Now time and bruises, and much losse of blood,  
Had made *Jones* feel cold age was not so good  
As fiery youth ; he needs must find a fail  
Of what he was : declin'd from top to tail.  
Which made him wish he might put up his rest,  
And breath his last in his own Countries brest.  
And for this cause he went unto her Grace,  
And begg'd of her a Muster-masters place,  
In Wales, neere his first home : where he may spend  
His later dayes in peace, and in it end :  
And yet to leave behind his martiall art,  
To Wale's posterity, before he part.

This sute with speed and readinesse is granted,  
And so to Wales our Muster-master's janted.  
Here many years he spent in telling more,  
Or lesse of those strange things he did before :  
At last in his old age he growes so wilde,  
He needs must marry, to beget a childe :  
Which though he mist, the mastery he must have  
Ore every sex, *Iones* sent her to her grave.  
Devotion now with his old age increast,  
He meditates thrice every day at least.  
His only prayer was the Absolution  
In our old Liturgy, with some confusion  
Of short ejaculations in his bed,  
For some old slips, and for the bloud he shed;  
Especially for those six Kings he kild  
Without remorse at the Juzippian field :  
At last death comes, whose power he desi'd  
From first to last, and, thus he liv'd and di'd.  
Now you wild blads that make loose Innes your stage  
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,  
Your Edghil fight, the Newberies and the West,  
And Northern clashes ; where you still fought best :  
Your strange escapes, your dangers voyd of feare,  
When bullets flew between the head and eare :  
Your *pia maters* rent, perisht your guts,  
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts :  
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,  
To you I speake, still waving men of merit,  
Be modest in your tales, if you exceed  
My Captain's hard atchivements, I'll proceed

Once more to imp my rurall muses wings,  
 And turne my lyre so high, I'le break her strings,  
 But I will reach ye, and thence raise such laughter,  
 As shall continue for five ages after.

*The Captaines Elegie.*

**A**Nd art thou gone brave man? hath congering death  
 Put a full period to thy blustering breath?  
 Thus hath she plaid her master-piece? and here  
 Fixt her nil supra on thy sable beere?  
 Scap'st thou those hideous storms, those horrid fights,  
 With many Giants; cruel beasts, fierce Knights?  
 Such dangerous stratagems, such foes intrapping,  
 And now hath death don't? sure she took thee napping,  
 For hadst thou been awake to use thy sword,  
 She would have shun'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word  
 For thy apparence, till the last return  
 Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn  
 Through thy chapt clay unto Elysiums shades  
 T' incounter with the ghosts of those old blades,  
 Great Caesar, Scipio, Annibal; 'cause here  
 Thy fiery spirit could not finde its peer?  
 How couldst thou else finde time to fold thy armes  
 In thy still grave, now Mars raines bloody stormes,  
 On Christian earth? great Austria would be ours  
 Without pitch field, without beleaguering towrs:  
 Wert thou but here, thy sword would strike the stroke  
 To breake or bring their necks to Britaines yoke.

*An Elegie on Captain Jones.*

71

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,  
To snatch thee up, lest thou shouldest come too late,  
Now souldiers drop pel mel, Whose soules might thrust  
Thine from the chiefeest place, which thou from first  
Hast gain'd on earth; now what shall England doe?  
Limp like some grandame that hath lost her shoe.  
Put case a new Tyrone again should spring  
From his old urne, no some such furious thing  
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our Jones,  
To bring these Rebels on their marrow bones?  
Or say gainst Spaine our pikes we re-advance,  
For their old Sack, as such a thing may chance,  
Where shall we then finde out that Martiall man,  
That kild six thousand with nine-score? hee's gone.  
And we that lick the dish that Homer lapt in,  
What fury now shall our dull braines be rapt in?  
We must goe sing Sr. Lanchelot and rehearse  
Old Huan's villanous prose in Wilder verse;  
Or else put up our pipes, and all at once,  
Crie farewell wit: all's gone with Captaine Jones.  
Well goe thy wayes (old blade th'hast done thy share  
For things beyond beliefe time (never feare)  
Will give thee being here: th'hast left us stasse,  
To build thy Pyramid, more then enough,  
To equall Cayre's, and happily twil out last it,  
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough cast it.  
Farewell great soule, and take this praise with many;  
Except thy foes, thou nere didst harme to any:  
And thus farre let our Muse thy losse deplore,  
Well she may sigh, but she shall nere sing more.

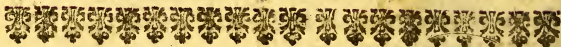
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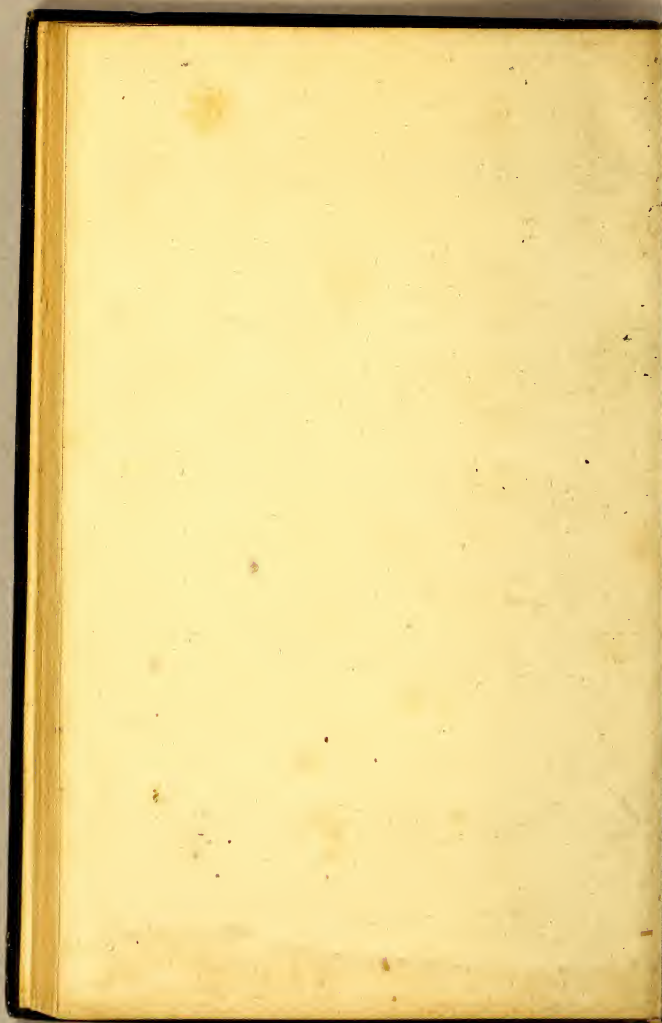
## HIS EPI T A P H.

**T**Read softly (mortalls) ore the bones  
 Of the worlds wonder Captaine Jones :  
 Who told his glorious deeds to many,  
 But never was believ'd of any :  
 Posterity let this suffice,  
 He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.

## FINIS.







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